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# The National POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

VOLUME XLIII.—No. 324.  
Price Ten Cents.



HOW THE MATCH WAS BROKEN OFF.

AN OPEN AIR EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A MILLIONNAIRE'S SON, WHICH HAS GIVEN THE GOSSIP MATERIAL FOR CHIN-CHIN,  
NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, December 8, 1883.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE!

THE POLICE GAZETTE  
ANDFox's Illustrated Week's Doings  
ARE THE ONLY PAPERS  
PUBLISHED BY RICHARD K. FOX.

The public is warned against purchasing poor imitations of these acknowledged greatest sporting and sensational journals of the world. The only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX are the above. Buy them, and you will not be deceived or disappointed.

1,000,000 READERS EVERY WEEK!

## IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS

Electrotypes and display type will hereafter be inserted in the advertising columns of the POLICE GAZETTE at an advance of 3½ per cent over regular rates.

As an advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unequalled. It is read by fully a million readers every issue, and has an annual circulation of NINE MILLION COPIES.

Correspondence solicited and estimates furnished by the Publisher,

RICHARD K. FOX.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertisements, per agate line.....	\$1.50
Large Type or Electrotypes, agate measurement, per line.....	2.00
Reading Notices, per line.....	2.50

FIFTEEN glasses of whiskey killed a man in Ohio. He died happy.

A CHICAGO hide merchant is under arrest for attempting to skin his creditors.

TABOR'S \$250 nightshirt is not among the dirty linen he is having washed in court.

BERNHARDT's husband said she was getting fat, and Sadie is suing him for slander.

THE Brighton Beach races are over, and many a sorehead is wishing they had never begun.

QUEEN VICTORIA is a 200 pounder, but she is worth a great many more pounds than she weighs.

THE favorite perfume of the Empress Josephine was musk. No wonder Napoleon got a divorce.

COL. JACK HAVERLY has got hold of a theatre here again, and pools are being sold on his next failure.

In the profession Maggie Mitchell's long lost sister is regarded as the best advertising dodge of the season.

A PET Philadelphia dog which was run over by a street car is said to walk on artificial feet. Is it possible?

THE Dewdrop saloon, at Danville, Ind., has done its dropping. It has been blown to pieces with dynamite.

JERSEY is improving in culture. It has had a high-toned dog fight; attended by the most respected citizens.

IT looks as if the championship would remain in the family if the stories told of the Boston Boy's brother are true.

A GUEST at a Florida hotel committed suicide, and it is now debated whether he did so to escape arrest or starvation.

JOHN E. OWENS used to be a pill maker, but his boluses are said not to have had half the exhausting effect his acting has.

WHILE Henry Irving is being stuffed with free meals the free lunches around Union square are doing the usual lively trade.

THE windy Paris correspondent of the London Times is reported to be about to change his name from Blowitz to Blowhard.

THE autumn leaf cranks have been unusually numerous this season, and the catarrh medicine market is proportionately bang-up.

CANADA won't have the paupers England ships across the Atlantic. Why should she, as long as there is a United States to send them to?

A WOMAN dressed like a tramp was killed by a locomotive in Jersey. The soulless monopolies evidently respect sex as little as they do people's rights.

FROM the looks of things, his trial is likely to leave General di Cesnola's character as badly damaged as his antiquities were before he patched them up.

A MAN in Lynn, Mass., has been choked to death by a baked bean. Another warning against rash indulgence in the luxuries of advanced civilization.

JAMES G. BLAINE's publishers estimate that he will make \$200,000 off his book. If his name was not Blaine he would probably be unable to find a publisher at all.

THE West is having another railroad war. When the corporations can't find citizens enough to butcher under their trains they take to slaughtering one another just to keep their hands in.

A ST. LOUIS reporter has been acquitted of the charge of murdering his landlady. The defence was insanity, caused by his having been accidentally hit over the head with one of his victim's beefsteaks.

THE Emperor of China studies his own language three hours a day. He is between fourteen and fifteen years old now, and expects to speak it fluently by the time he is fourteen or fifteen hundred.

A COBBLER's shop next door to Windsor Castle caught fire and frightened Her Majesty nearly out of her wits. The accents in which she called for John Brown are said to have been quite heartrending.

WHEN a millionaire refuses to give evidence in court they call it absent mindedness. When a common citizen does the same it is either contempt or perjury. Justice may be blind, but she has manifestly a strong scent for gold.

WHEN George Miln played Hamlet recently, at Emporia, Kansas, at the close of the second act there were loud calls for the author of the piece, and Bartley Campbell, who happened to be in a box, responded to the ovation with a graceful bow.

THE death of District Attorney, McKeon, deprives New York of an honest, fearless and able a man as ever administered an important office in this city. There will be a great many candidates for his official shoes, but we will be in luck if we get any one to fill them as he did.

IT now appears that the swells along the Hudson object to the new aqueduct because its construction will bring a lot of low, dirty workingmen into their neighborhood. It is amazing how readily a swell discovers the objectionable qualities of a workingman when he can make neither money nor votes out of him.

THE Maybee murder has brought the country constables out in force on Long Island, and they are making it hot for all sorts of people on the general principle, apparently, that if they didn't commit the murders they ought to have done so, to permit their captors to earn the reward. There ought to be as stringent a law against the country constable as there is against murder itself. It is a question which is the more baneful. For our part we would rather be murdered any day than have a rural Hawkshaw after us on suspicion.

THE highly respectable newspapers have raised a howl because "Billy" Porter announced on his acquittal that he proposed to lead an honest life hereafter and run a saloon to do it. Why there should be anything so outrageous in the idea of a thief's reforming we fail to see, and whether he turns preacher or runnler, we are equally unable to make out that his reformation is an offence against morality or the law. The fact is, our moral community is so excessively moral that it will not give a man or woman a chance once they have gone wrong. For ourselves, we wish "Billy" Porter and every other man like him luck if he undertakes what he promises to undertake, and honestly tries to carry his purpose out.

HENRY COUNTY, Ga., has not had a hanging within its borders since 1837, and considers itself behind the age in consequence.

STRUCK by a cyclone  
Was Billy Mahone,  
And now all he asks is to be let alone.

THE strong minded women of Greensburg (Pa.) have asserted their "rights" in an attempt to Lynch a murderer. Of course they tried to do it with a clothesline.

HENRY IRVING says he is satisfied with America. If the business has paid so well already, he will doubtless be highly pleased by the time he gets through.

A BOSTON hotel keeper has stopped giving credit to the aldermen of the Hub, and the whole Board is going to resign because its privileges are interfered with.

IF GENERAL WASHINGTON had only been an Englishman the discovery that he was a fireman would make running with the machine a fashionable exercise with our dudes.

THERE is nothing like being circumstantial when you tell a story. A New York newspaper, after describing a man's having both legs and arms cut off by a railway train, states that he will be crippled for life.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS looks thinner and more nervous than ever, but his sentences are just as long and heavy as of old. The doctors say it is the labor of carrying his big words around which is wearing him out.

THERE is a dreadful Miss Terry hinging about the relations of Henry Irving and his leading actress, says the Minneapolis Journal. Irving evidently prefers having a Miss Terry to deal with than a Mrs. Broadribb.

THE original dude has been discovered. He lives up in Vermont and his brains, according to one of the medical journals, have dried up, so that they rattle around like beans in a bladder every time he shakes his head.

THE pretended recognition by old farmer Maybee of his assailant, in the person of the tramp Doyle, is one of the most grotesque burlesques on justice ever recorded. The poor old man would have identified his Redeemer as an assassin under the same circumstances, and the rural emulators of Monsieur Lecoq would hang him on the same evidence if they could.

Now that Charles R. Thorne is dead, his two wives are honoring his memory by fighting one another in the courts. No. 1 alleges that No. 2 promised to support her if she would surrender all title to the fascinating Charles to the aforesaid No. 2, and now the latter wants to evade the bargain. Dead men, like dead horses, are not pleasant objects to pay for you know.

THE ladies who were to take part in the chorus at the Atlanta musical festival have refused to do so if Levy, the cornet player, is engaged, on the ground that he has spoken disrespectfully of the wife whom he has abandoned. This is rough on Levy, considering that his wife was faithless to him even while he was putting up like a prince for her, and abandoned him for no other reason than that she liked another man better.

## RUDE, BUTeloquent.

WEST BUXTON, Nov. 17, 1883.

Sir Richard K. Fox

DEAR SIR—The enclosed lines came to my mind while reading one of your Papers.

now if they are worth Printing, you are at Liberty to Print them.

and please send me a Paper

and oblige

Respectfully yours,

P. O. address

FREEMAN S. MARTIN,

West Buxton Maine.

[Written, for the POLICE GAZETTE.]

There is a man in New York,

And Fox, is his name

He is Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE

A Paper of great fame

He goes for all the Hypocrites

Through these United States

And you can bet your Bottom Dollar

That its him the Parson hates

For he shows up all their rackets

In a style they do not like

And it they were not afraid of him

I am mighty sure they would fight

But they know that he can nit back

As hard as any mule

And if they get a foul of him

They show themselves a fool

Now if you want a Paper

That will give you a true show

Of all the canting Hypocrites

From Maine to Mexico

Just send to Mr. Fox

For his POLICE GAZETTE

And all that you could ask for

You will be sure to get.

## SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit  
Culled from Many Sources.

A TOAST to the policeman: He drinks between beats, and he beats between drinks.

"THIS is my plug cat," said the boarder as he picked up his bootjack and hit a feline in the music box.

SAID a philosopher: "My friend conducted his future wife to the altar—and here his leadership came to an end."

"HERE, Bill!" cried a rural gentleman, rushing toward the elevator, as he saw it coming up, "here's the telephone if you want to see it!"

"DAR is many a rule," says Uncle Sam, "what won't work bœufs ways. Whiskey will produce a headache, but a headache won't produce whiskey."

"WHY is it that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?" asked the boy of his parent. "Because it never needs to," was the gruff reply."

GOODNIGHT is the name of a young man in Texas. The boister of it he can't tell whether the girls are calling him or saying ta-ta to another fellow.

A MAN may say he has got the "boss" wife without intimating that he is henpecked, but we wouldn't advise you to do so. Some people construe things differently from others.

NOW, while the winds of autumn,  
Make every leaflet squirm,  
The luscious little chestnut  
Doth catch the early worm.

"I RIDE myself on my descent," said a spinner of uncertain age. "One of my ancestors came over in the Mayflower." "Which one was it," cried a cruel miss, "your father or mother?"

A YOUNG man who went into the kitchen where his girl was baking, and inadvertently sat down on a hot pie just from the oven, now boasts that he "descended from the upper crust."

TALMAGE says: "Spanking children should be done coolly, vigorously and with the aim to let the lesson sink deep into their little hearts." That depends altogether upon the location of "their little hearts."

"YES," said the young man, "I think I shall learn to play the cornet. Not that I care anything for music, but the fellow in the room above me is a blanched chump, and I'd do anything to render him unhappy."

WHAT would society do if a man should enter a ball room with his arms bare to the shoulder and his shirt open from where his suspenders cross on his back to the third button on his vest in front? Will some woman's rights society lady please answer and oblige?

DAME Fashion in her wisest mood,  
Ne'er said a thing more true

Than "why import the British dude

When the Yankee Doodle do?"

"I LEARNED to talk when I was less than a year old," said a chattering young lady to a taciturn bachelor. "Indeed, miss, I don't doubt your word, but from what I have heard I am inclined to think you were born with a whole mouthful of words on the end of your tongue."

QUITE a difference—"Oh," will he bite?" exclaimed one of Middletown's sweetest girls, with a look of alarm, when she saw one of the dancing bears on the street the other day. "No," said her escort, "he cannot bite—he is muzzled; but he can hug." "Oh," she said, with a distracting smile, "I don't mind that."

"I KNOW when I have enough," said old Thimbblet, holding on to the edge of the bar. "You're right," said his friend, "and so does every body else know it. When a man can't lie on his back without holding on to something with both hands, it's evident that he has had enough, or there isn't enough in America for him."

A CHAP who has been there tells when to pop the ever eventful question, as follows:

"When festive felines' fury chortus

Blends with the midnight tread of 'cop'

When street lamps shine faint as phosphorus

'Tis then the time to pop."

"MY dear, I am shocked that you should in spite those young ladies to your party." "Why, mamma, how you talk! They

## STAGE WHISPERS.

Dear Old Aimee, and the Pathetic Reminiscences She Revives.

Lillian Cleves, Margaret Mather, and other Professional Saints, with Minor Matters of Equal Interest.

"THAT distinguished actress" is what they call Margaret Mather now. She used to be known by another name and a very different title in New York.

SIR RANDALL ROBERTS, most unfortunate of English baronets, is now the advance agent of the Wyndham Comedy Company. This is, indeed, a degradation.

JAKE MILLER isn't booming quite so much as he was. Frank Evans has had to drop his "Silent Man" out of his repertoire. "Money talks," says Evans, "and Miller's piece doesn't. That's why. Sabe?"

J. CHEEVER GOODWIN, the impressionable ass, who wrote "Evangeline" and half a dozen other masses of rubbish, has retired from the assistant manager of the Bijou theatre in Boston. Goodwin is the "old chappie" who used to flatter English actors by dropping all "h's" when in their society.

LOUISE MONTAGUE alias Pauline Keyser, the \$10,000 beauty of Mr. Adam Forepaugh's circus, has just obtained a divorce from her husband, Paul Allen, of Lester & Allen. With the usual good taste of the "profession," Mr. Allen cracks indecent jokes at his ex-wife's expense during the performances in which he takes part. "The boys who are posted," says an exchange, "enjoy it hugely."

Poor LILLIAN SPENCER (Mrs. Clayburgh), the gifted young artist, whom her husband tried to boom by announcing that she had gone crazy, has rallied to the defence of that ingenious Hebrew. She says that there are worse men than Clayburgh: that he pays her salary regularly, and that to get free advertising for her by declaring her insane is not only quite lawful, from a theatrical point of view, but proof that he is one of the most useful and skilful actresses-husbands in the business.

THAT unfortunate manager, Henry Merdle Abbey, has had a tremendous row with Irving. Abbey has got such a lot to attend to with his uptown sarcophagus that he has been neglecting Irving and leaving him almost entirely to the "management" of Mucus Mayer. Irving naturally doesn't like to be spied upon, and he has notified Abbey that he must mend his manners or there will be a demission row. Poor Henry Merdle has been watched for the last week, and Billy the Ghoul is pulling his whiskers out by the roots.

THE pot-bellied "gent" who rejoices in the euphonious and romantic name of Frederic de Belleville, is in more hot water. Mrs. Edith de Belleville says that he never married a Miss Julia Josephs before marrying her, and demands that he shall pay the cost of sending a commission to London to investigate that alleged union. Judge Barrett has ordered the pot-bellied one to pay the bill, and he will be docked another \$15 a week of his salary to do so. Incidentally, it turns out that the pot-bellied one's real name is Bonita, and that he is a Swiss, the son of an innkeeper. Poor stricken fellow!

HORACE WALL's attempt to create an interest in young Lytton Sothern by producing him in his father's old plays, is one of the saddest and most suggestive fizzles of the present season. The public, which used to go into ecstasies over Lord Dundreary and David Garrick, sleep in the same cemeteries with the youths who used to idolize Lydia Thompson and Pauline Markham. The American stage has, no doubt, retrograded a good deal—but there is no longer any room on it for the coarse and stupid farces which preceded the present era of English "comic opera," save the mark!

TOM McDONOUGH has long enjoyed the reputation of being the closest-fisted and most disagreeable man connected in any way with the dramatic business. The scowl which usually adorns his face has been known to frighten little children into convulsions, and his manner of conversing with waiters in such hotels as it may please him to honor with his patronage has frequently provoked threats to carve him with a razor. Tom is unusually sulky this season because he represents Bartley Campbell, and Bartley Campbell's boom is, just at present, headed in the wrong direction.

WHAT "pull" has Miss Bridget Cavanagh, alias Miss Georgia Cayvan, upon the Messrs. Mallory? Or, after all, do the Frohmanns own the Madison Square theatre and everything belonging to it? These questions will be prompted in the case of everybody who reads it by the announcement that Miss Cavanagh includes in her reading repertoire "Mrs. Dick's Three Calls on Mrs. Winthrop." The play from which the extract is made belongs to the Mallorys, and if they allow Miss Cavanagh to use their property to the detriment of their own Mrs. Winthrop companies they are a good deal more generous than the world takes them to be. That's all.

IT requires almost the seven stomachs of a camel to stand the colossal impudence of the Frohman family. They literally rush into print of the slightest possible provocation. The Greeley *Tr'ne*, a newspaper published in Colorado and edited by one Ralph Meeker, who used to be a sub-agent of the Frohmanns, actually devotes a whole page to puffing the Society for the Promotion of Bridget Cavanagh, alias Georgia Cayvan. Just think of it—a whole page! The buskiest local newspaper agent of the Frohman family is Little Bobtail Morris, of the *Telegram*, who regularly every evening devotes ten lines to a personal puff of one or other of the innumerable caravan of Frohmanns. The point of the paragraph usually is that Char's Frohman or Gustave Frohman or some other Frohman has just "returned" or is just "about to leave town." A sad and sorry lot these Frohmanns—when they can't get their names into print.

VIGILANT observers have noticed during the week considerable shrinkage in the girthy bulk of Sammy of the Entrails. A change of this kind in so large and important a terrestrial body is almost as interesting and significant as would be a collapse of the belts of Jupiter. To remove all cause for alarm and concern the POLICE GAZETTE hastens to announce that Sammy's shrinkage is only temporary.

It is caused by a realization of the fact that in a few more days Fanny Davenport will be compelled to take her "Fedora" elsewhere, and Sammy's reputation as shrewd and farsighted manager will go with her. If the next two or three engagements should turn out fizzles, Sammy would dwindle to the dimensions of a gas pipe. But so soon as the first "big thing" comes along Sammy will once more swell out like a balloon, and after the manner of his kind, save his doorkeeper a good deal of trouble by blocking the entrance of the Fourteenth Street theatre with his abdomen. Some day, however, a more than ordinarily wicked urchin will happen around with a big pin and perforate Samuel between two of his vest buttons. That will end Samuel as sure as preaching.

On the off night of the Booth company Miss Ebeneza Pimbleton plays *Claude Melnotte*. The same sort of curiosity which at first made the eager crowd to see Anna Dickinson in "Hamlet"—and tights—has made Miss Pimbleton's performances much sought after. The young lady's legs are greatly admired by all who see them, and it is understood that "me-un-me-bruder Kiralfy" has already made Miss Pimbleton offer to play *Suzette*, the fairy queen, in their next "Black Crook" revival. Ebeneza's only objection is to the corsage of *Suzette's* dress, which, dear thing, she says "is positively indecent, yet know it!" It is to be hoped that this serious objection will be overcome by the costumer of the Kiralfys, and that New York may yet enjoy the next possible felicity of seeing Miss Pimbleton in the voluptuous costume usually provided by the economical Kiralfys for their fairy queens.

DEAR old Aimee is delighting the centenarians of Boston with reminiscences of their youth. It is confidently expected that the day is not far distant when she will have to be wheeled on the stage in an invalid chair, so fast are age and infirmity overtaking her. Her tottering form, her toothless gums, her decrepit gait, her piping voice, as displayed in "La File de Madame Angot," will bring tears to the eyes of a more sensitive audience than a Bostonian one. As it is, in Boston they applaud her as if she was the divine Patti, and Aimee, poor dear old thing, appreciates it thoroughly and acknowledges it all with a series of grateful bows. People so cruel as to bring back Aimee's gray hairs with an encore would think nothing of giving the ancient and honorable Modjeska, or making light of that 80-ton gun of the modern stage, Fanny Janauschek. Queer folks these Boston people, which are at present defrauding it and driving it crazy.

THE POLICE GAZETTE predicted, at the beginning of the present season, that it would be very trying and fatal one to the theatrical profession. The result, so far, has more than corroborated and justified our prophecies. More actors have died since the season began than in any corresponding period, and more combinations have come to grief during the past six weeks than perished during any other six consecutive weeks that have elapsed since the public began to pay for being fooled. But this is not all. A new idea has dawned in the profession—the right of the agent to settle up with his manager by killing him. Twice already, down South, this excellent principle has been put into practice, and two managers have already bitten the dust at the hands of their employees. As soon as all the agents now on the road have shot, stabbed or poisoned all the managers, and have, in laudable consequence, been hanged for it, nothing will remain standing between the average actor and the wild and accurate justice of Judge Lynch. The spectacle of all the telegraph poles in the country festooned with swinging actors will be one of the most exhilarating features of next season's railroad travel. Once purged of these pests, society will next convert every theatre in the country into a hospital or a morgue, and breathe more freely again. The man who would go ball for an actor, by the way, is as hard to find as the tiny atom which creates cholera.

"DUTY" is the name of the play by Professor De Mille, of the Madison Square theatre staff of mincemeat which is to succeed the "The Rajah." Its plot is simply charming, and marks it as one of the finest and sweetest specimens imaginable of what the Mallory-Frohman crowd call "the domestic drama." Mamie Green is the daughter of an old farmer, John Green. Dick Brown is the eldest son of an English lord, Earl Brown. Peter Robinson is a wicked lawyer, who loves Mamie Green and is, in turn, beloved by Sadie Jones, the daughter of Dr. Jones. In her mother, Mrs. Jones, the stage will be enriched by a new character—an old garrulous lady who confounds words and speaks of "the beehive of destruction," "the bulwarks of society," for "besom" and "bulwarks," respectively. Dr. Mallory declares it is the funniest conception he ever heard of in a play. Dick Brown, in the play for two acts abstains from proposing to Mamie on the ground that she has false teeth—a base calumny invented by lawyer Robinson, who checks the ardor of her love for Brown by telling her, on the other hand, that the young earl has a glass eye, which he keeps in a tumbler of water over night. The Mallorys are a little fearful that this is not quite moral, but have consented to it at Dan Frohman's urgent request, he having threatened, in fact, that if they "kick" he will throw off all disguise and openly call it "Frohman's Madison Square theatre." In the fifth act Mamie, having been informed by her father that it is her duty to marry Dick Brown on account of his great expectations, reluctantly but dutifully yields, and, in return, is rewarded by finding that the glass eye is really the property of the lawyer who, in a moment of drunken triumph, thoughtlessly takes it out and puts it in a glass of whiskey. To this incident the Mallorys also objected, on the ground that it necessitated the use of ardent spirits on their stage. But Dan Frohman pointed out that in the first place cold tea would do just as well, and that the sight of a glass eye in a drink of whiskey would be apt to turn the stomach of the most hardened drinker. But not only is the glass eye finally and happily traced to the wrecked lawyer, he is further shown to be the possessor likewise of false teeth. Nothing, then, obstructing the marriage of the lovers, and the repentence of the lawyer in the last scene earns for him the hand of Sadie Jones, who has a glass eye and false teeth also, but in an opposite socket and jaw to those of the lawyer. The Frohmanns are in ecstasies over the exquisite idyllic delicacy of the treatment, and the pathos and originality of the subject.

punctuality that not a morning passed by without a line of Associated Press despatch announcing that in this, that or the other town, "Lillian Cleves, the actress," had enjoyed a "severe beating at the hands of her husband." She seems to be footloose nowadays, and has mellowed into a dark blonde through the gloom of adversity and public indifference. Her coming to grief as a star is just what might have been expected, and the fact that her trunks have been seized is nothing more than the repetition of a very common occurrence in her brief but glittering professional career.

THE favorite theatrical axiom of "trying it on a dog," will soon be an exploded fraud. From all sides accounts are pouring in of a rebellion among the "dogs." One night stands are not going to be subjected, if they can help it, to the experiments of one troupe of queer fakirs after another. They have the same inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as other and larger communities, and they feel that they have been put upon a little too long. Bradford, Pennsylvania, is a favorite "dog" town. It has put up with more insolent and outrageous incompetency than any other public in America. The vilest fly-by-night shows have made their first "stand" in Bradford, and there isn't a Bradfordite who can't tell the most blood-curdling tales of the sufferings and distress he has been subjected to by swindling managers. Hereafter, however, these birds of prey will have to give Bradford a wide berth, for the owners of the halls have been threatened with a cancellation of their licenses if they give dates to fraudulent shows, while a secret society has been recently organized to rail-ride "fakirs" out of town, with the usual tar-and-leather accompaniment. This will reduce the chances of Bob Morris and Archie Gunter to a very low ebb, but it is by all means to be recommended as a step in the right direction. If all the other "dogs" will combine and carry out the same idea, the country will be relieved of at least one half of the "shows" which are at present defrauding it and driving it crazy.

THE POLICE GAZETTE predicted, at the beginning of the present season, that it would be very trying and fatal one to the theatrical profession. The result, so far, has more than corroborated and justified our prophecies. More actors have died since the season began than in any corresponding period, and more combinations have come to grief during the past six weeks than perished during any other six consecutive weeks that have elapsed since the public began to pay for being fooled. But this is not all. A new idea has dawned in the profession—the right of the agent to settle up with his manager by killing him. Twice already, down South, this excellent principle has been put into practice, and two managers have already bitten the dust at the hands of their employees. As soon as all the agents now on the road have shot, stabbed or poisoned all the managers, and have, in laudable consequence, been hanged for it, nothing will remain standing between the average actor and the wild and accurate justice of Judge Lynch. The spectacle of all the telegraph poles in the country festooned with swinging actors will be one of the most exhilarating features of next season's railroad travel. Once purged of these pests, society will next convert every theatre in the country into a hospital or a morgue, and breathe more freely again. The man who would go ball for an actor, by the way, is as hard to find as the tiny atom which creates cholera.

"DUTY" is the name of the play by Professor De Mille, of the Madison Square theatre staff of mincemeat which is to succeed the "The Rajah." Its plot is simply charming, and marks it as one of the finest and sweetest specimens imaginable of what the Mallory-Frohman crowd call "the domestic drama." Mamie Green is the daughter of an old farmer, John Green. Dick Brown is the eldest son of an English lord, Earl Brown. Peter Robinson is a wicked lawyer, who loves Mamie Green and is, in turn, beloved by Sadie Jones, the daughter of Dr. Jones. In her mother, Mrs. Jones, the stage will be enriched by a new character—an old garrulous lady who confounds words and speaks of "the beehive of destruction," "the bulwarks of society," for "besom" and "bulwarks," respectively. Dr. Mallory declares it is the funniest conception he ever heard of in a play. Dick Brown, in the play for two acts abstains from proposing to Mamie on the ground that she has false teeth—a base calumny invented by lawyer Robinson, who checks the ardor of her love for Brown by telling her, on the other hand, that the young earl has a glass eye, which he keeps in a tumbler of water over night. The Mallorys are a little fearful that this is not quite moral, but have consented to it at Dan Frohman's urgent request, he having threatened, in fact, that if they "kick" he will throw off all disguise and openly call it "Frohman's Madison Square theatre." In the fifth act Mamie, having been informed by her father that it is her duty to marry Dick Brown on account of his great expectations, reluctantly but dutifully yields, and, in return, is rewarded by finding that the glass eye is really the property of the lawyer who, in a moment of drunken triumph, thoughtlessly takes it out and puts it in a glass of whiskey. To this incident the Mallorys also objected, on the ground that it necessitated the use of ardent spirits on their stage. But Dan Frohman pointed out that in the first place cold tea would do just as well, and that the sight of a glass eye in a drink of whiskey would be apt to turn the stomach of the most hardened drinker. But not only is the glass eye finally and happily traced to the wrecked lawyer, he is further shown to be the possessor likewise of false teeth. Nothing, then, obstructing the marriage of the lovers, and the repentence of the lawyer in the last scene earns for him the hand of Sadie Jones, who has a glass eye and false teeth also, but in an opposite socket and jaw to those of the lawyer. The Frohmanns are in ecstasies over the exquisite idyllic delicacy of the treatment, and the pathos and originality of the subject.

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HOW THE MATCH WAS BROKEN OFF.

[Subject of Illustration.]  
Last Friday afternoon a shabby young woman with a baby in her arms halted a very stylish young man and woman in Madison square. A violent altercation ensued, and the young man called on a Park policeman to arrest the woman with the baby. The latter, on learning the particulars of the case, refused to interfere, but induced the poor young mother to go away with him. The man in the case is the son of one of our millionaires, and the father of her child. The young lady with him is said to have been his affianced. The commissioner of charities has taken the case in hand, and Lothario will have to disgorge or go to court. The match between him and his affianced was announced to be broken off in the Sunday papers.

## THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

He Makes a Professional Mash, and Receives a Terrible Shock.

The Religious Editor was examining Belshazzar in his catechism. The champagne cooler had just been filled, and the special POLICE GAZETTE jeweller was performing his daily task of cleaning the editor's diamonds in the anteroom. An atmosphere of religious calm brooded over the palatial office, broken only by the stentorous breathing of a tempestuous brother from Boston, who was sleeping his champagne off on the lounge. Suddenly a rustle of silks sounded in the corridor, and the golden gong at the door gave vent to a melodious chime.

Belshazzar opened the door.

The summons proceeded from a lady. She stopped, dazzled by the splendor of the jewelled furniture for a moment. Then Belshazzar led her to a seat. Having ascertained that it matched her complexion, she sank gracefully into it and murmured:

"It is indeed he!"

She was looking at the Religious Editor, who felt himself consequently called on to reply.

"It is."

"Dear soul!" said the young lady.

The Religious Editor blushed and buttoned his pocket up. Although piety is his vocation, it did not strike in early enough to enfeeble his intelligence.

"My dear Miss!" he replied, "what can I do for you?"

"His voice!" sighed the young lady. "Ah! what heavenly harmonies!"

And she rolled her eyes skyward and clasped her hands.

The Religious Editor began to remove his jewelry, preparatory to putting it in the safe.

"Will you do me a favor?" pleaded the young lady.

The Religious Editor shuddered. It was coming.

But he gasped:

"Certainly!"

"Then," said the young lady, "sing 'Babies on our Block.' Now I know you can sing it. You dear, delightful creature, don't deny it. Sing it, and I'll give you a kiss."

To such an inducement there could be but one reply. The editor sang.

The effect of his melody was electrical.

The tempestuous brother woke from his slumber on the lounge with a start.

"Take 'em off!" he yelled. "Take 'em off, I say."

And with a howl of agony he sprang from the window and was dashed to pieces on the sidewalk.

The special POLICE GAZETTE jeweller was so affected that he went away carrying the diamonds with him and has not since returned.

Belshazzar buried his face in the champagne cooler and kept it there.

But the young lady leaned back in her seat and drank in the melody of the Religious Editor's voice with an angelic smile and a number nine mouth.

A chill of horror began to permeate the Religious Editor's being as he observed the unearthly sight. Never before had a human being endured two voices of song from his lips and retained its reason. As the last notes of the melody died away he cried—

"In heaven's name! woman, who are you?"

A merry laugh rippled over his visitor's lips.

"I!" she repeated.

"Yes, you!"

"Why, I'm Sadie Mulligan, the favorite serio-comic of the Sixth ward, and the sporting editor sent me up to get you to write a Sunday school song and dance for me."

\* \* \*

When the Religious Editor came to himself, the favorite serio-comic of the Sixth ward was gone, so was the champagne. But enough was squeezed out of Belshazzar by putting him in the copying press for the Religious Editor to wash his hands in preparatory to going in search of the police.

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TRIP TAKES HOLD.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The recent performances of one of our emotional stars at an east side theatre, were enlivened if not improved by the amateur renditions of the star's pet terrier. In one of the most pathetic scenes of the piece, while a heartrending scene was in progress between the heroine and her lover, the canine in question became possessed of the idea that violence was being meditated to his mistress, and leaping from the maid's arms, rushed upon the stage and fastened on a delicate portion of the presumed assailant's anatomy. The curtain had to be rung down and the unfortunate Thespian sent to the wardrobe room for repairs. Trip stays at home now while mistress is playing.

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A COWARDLY MURDER.



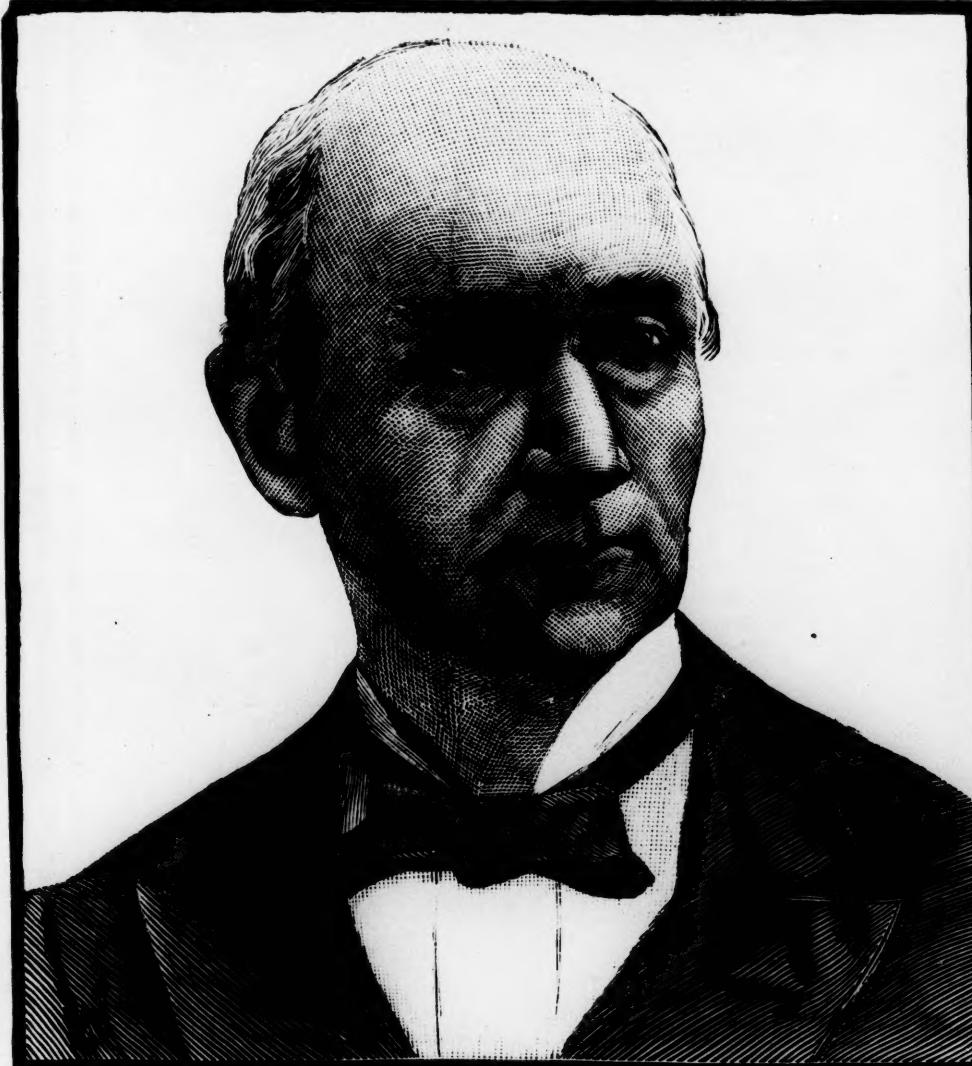
JOHN CRISHAM,

EXECUTED AT NEWARK, N. J., NOV. 22, FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE.

**A Murderous Coon in Quod.**

Detective Sol. Coulson, of the Pittsburg police, has been lionized recently for his clever arrest of "Hub" Milton, a young negro, who on the night of Oct. 4 shot and killed his mistress, Annie Hunter, in a Pittsburg bagnio. Coulson was very efficiently aided by detectives, Buck, Friel and Marland. His own account of the capture, as told to a POLICE GAZETTE representative, is as follows:

"After I had visited the scene of the tragedy, at No. 66 Franklin street, and learned that Milton had been seen on Water street, I became so impressed with the idea that the man we wanted had gone down the Erie road, that I made up my mind that if he was caught he would be caught along that line. Myself and Marland went across the Smithfield street bridge, and Friel and Bill Buck across the Point bridge. We four met on the south side, and took the first train down. I guess it was



JOHN McKEON,

LATE DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

Milton was a fine piece of detective work, and goes to show that if given a fair chance, some of our front office men are more worthy of praise than condemnation."

**An Old-Timer in Trouble Again.**

While strolling along Grand street, New York city, on Saturday evening, the 17th

inst., a detective observed Mary Grinshaw, an old woman of 65 years, whose picture figures prominently in the city Rogues' Gallery, enter a dry goods store, with the easy confidence of a woman who expected to meet a cordial reception as an intended purchaser. After sauntering about for some time, and watching a favorable opportunity, she purloined a shawl and Cardigan jacket, both of the value of \$14, and

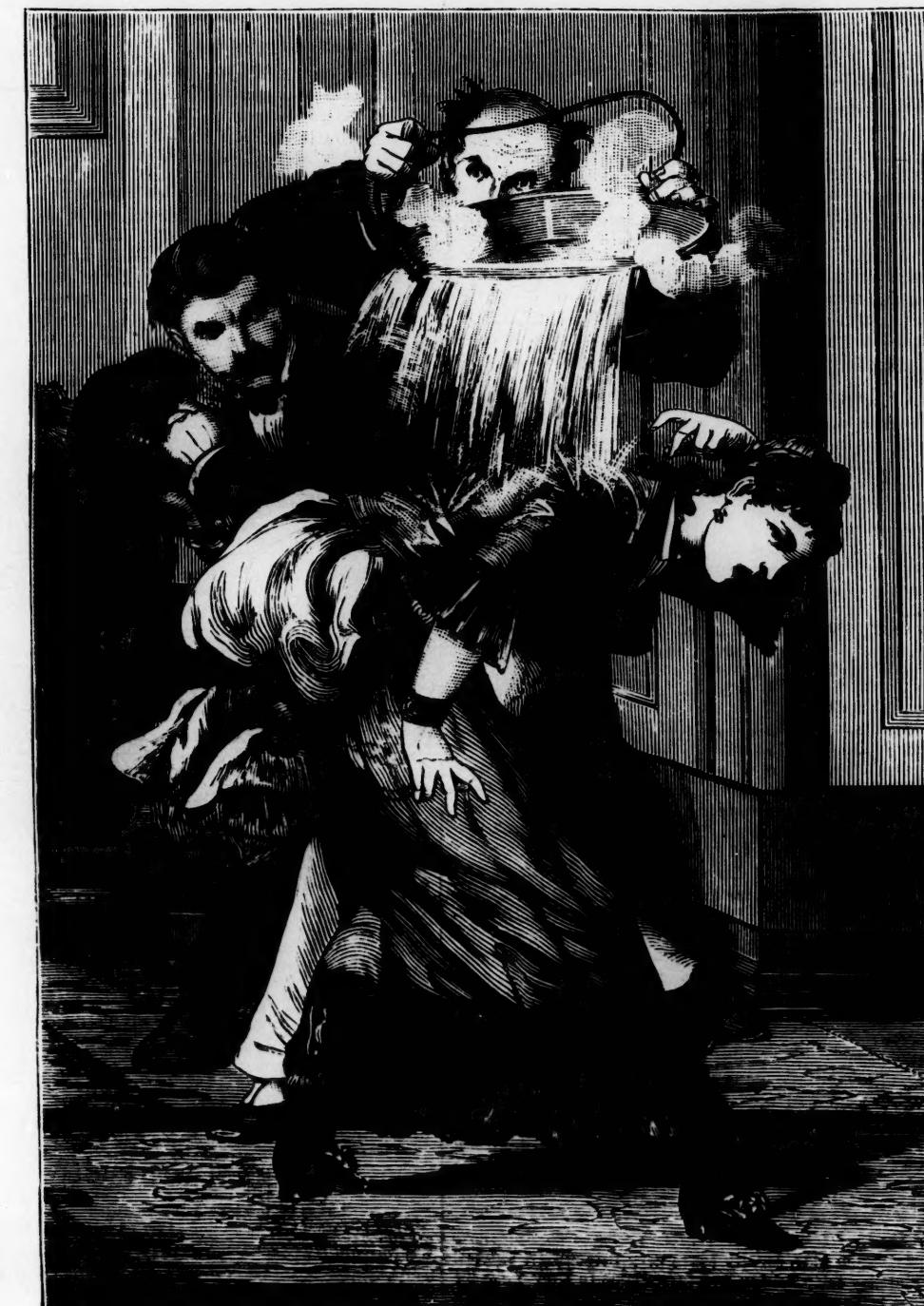


GARRETT VAN ANTWERP,

A SUCCESSFUL JAIL BREAKER, FOR WHOM THE WILKESBARRE POLICE ARE SEARCHING.

half past four o'clock. At Nimick, or down about Corks run, we left the cars and scattered. Below Corks run we came upon our man sitting beside a fire. Friel and myself were below him, and Marland and Bill Buck above him on the road. Marland and myself advanced upon him, and reached him about the same time. He threw up his hands when he saw the muzzle of a revolver, and we put the nippers on him. The first thing he did was to ask if Annie was dead, and when told that she was he began to shake. He soon got control of himself, and jocularly remarked: 'If you hadn't got me, I'd soon been out West among the cowboys.' He then relapsed into silence, and would say nothing more except that he 'didn't know how often he had shot her.'

"In view of the fact," said one cognizant of the circumstances of arrest, "that the detectives were without clew as to what direction had been taken, their good judgment in the matter cannot be too highly commended. The capture of



SCALDING HOT LOVE MAKING.

HOW A TABBYTOWN, N. Y., CARRIAGE MAKER WARMED UP AN ARDENT LOVE SCENE BETWEEN HIS FICKLE WIFE AND AN AMOROUS ADORER.



MARY GRINSHAW,

NOTORIOUS NEW YORK SHOPLIFTER, ARRESTED RECENTLY AFTER JUMPING HER BAIL.



JOSEPH FELL,

THE PHILADELPHIA LOTHARIO WHO HAS SKIPPED WITH A RICH SALOON KEEPER'S WIFE.

put them into her valise. The detective followed her to a tenement house in Orchard street, where she said she was living with her daughter. He took her into custody, and when she was arraigned before Justice Patterson the next day, at Essex Market police court, she was recognized by Sergeant James, of the Tombs squad, and Officer Follis, of the same squad, who happened to be in court, as a notorious shoplifter who had "skipped" her ball in the Court of Special Sessions, for a similar offence at O'Neill's dry goods store. She was committed for trial.

**A Clever Jail Breaker.**

Garret Van Antwerp, alias Peter Smith, a desperate New York robber, escaped from jail at Wilkesbarre, Pa., Nov. 8. For his arrest and return to Warden J. C. Van Loon a reward of \$50 will be paid. His description is as follows: Aged 27; 5 ft. 5 in. in height; weight 125 lbs;



"HUB" MILTON,

AWAITING TRIAL IN PITTSBURG, PA., FOR KILLING HIS MISTRESS IN A BAGNIO.

dark complexion; dark hair and eyes, and black mustache. Had cataract on left eye, and a lily tattooed on the left arm.

**Frank James Dying.**

Frank James is reported to be dying of consumption, at the jail in Independence, Mo. He says he will die before the courts reach a settlement of his case. He is penniless. He is awaiting trial for the robbery which took place Sept. 7, 1881. The express on the Missouri Pacific was crossing the bridge over Little Blue River when the engineer saw a red lantern swinging in the cut ahead. The train was stopped. Three robbers mounted the engine and stood guard, while six others ranged themselves along the side of the coaches. Four of the gang then went through the express car, but only about \$400 was secured. It is the indictment for this offence that Frank James has to meet next.



FRANK S. STARKE,

THE ADVANCE AGENT WHO MURDERED ACTOR ALLEN AT VICKSBURG, MISS., NOV. 14.

## A Gay Lothario's Escapades.

Philadelphia society is all agog over a very peculiar scandal. Notice was recently published in the Quaker City papers of the marriage of the Rev. Dr. Hugh James Linn, to Mrs. Harriet S. Wilkinson, a rich grass widow who for several years resided in Paris. The marriage was celebrated at the parish church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in London, on May 5, last. At present it seems the detectives of Philadelphia and New York are searching for Dr. Hugh J. Linn, who disappeared on Oct. 6, with \$10,000 of his wife's money.

Dr. Linn is described as a very handsome and stylish man, and wears flowing black side whiskers. He is about 5 feet 11 inches in height and of a decidedly military appearance. His fast friend was Col. McCarthy, who, it is said, eloped with Gen. Sickles' daughter a few years ago. He has crossed the Atlantic no less than a dozen times. It was during his last trip to Paris that he met Mrs. Wilkinson. She was divorced from her husband and took up her abode in the gay capital with her daughter, a beautiful girl of 17, and son, now about 21 years old. The for-



BY MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY RULES.

HOW A WASHERWOMAN'S DAUGHTER BROUGHT A DELINQUENT CREDITOR TO TIME.

tune of her husband, who, it is alleged, was declared insane, amounted to half a million dollars. Half the amount was held in trust for the children, while the remaining portion fell to Mrs. Wilkinson. They were friends in this country and after an extended courtship she became his wife. They returned to Paris after the wedding. But the doctor was not contented in a foreign city and finally induced his wife to allow him to visit New York. He promised to return within a few months. He did not return as he agreed, and Mrs. Linn followed him, arriving in New York city, accompanied by her daughter, on Oct. 2.

Dr. Linn met them at the steamer wharf and escorted them to a handsomely fitted up suite of rooms in the Metropolitan hotel. About a week after her arrival, it is alleged, he asked his wife to subscribe for 10,000 shares of stock of the Boston Air Line, which, it is said, he represented as a railroad in the course of construction, and controlled by his brother Samuel and Col. McCarthy. In return for the investment he was to be made treasurer of the company at an annual salary of \$5,000. Mrs. Linn came to this city and received a check for \$10,000 drawn to her husband's order. She returned to New York and

handed the money to him, and he left for Boston, as he said, to purchase the stock. That was the 9th of October, and since then nothing has been seen of him.

Mrs. Linn waited patiently for his return. She received several letters that were addressed to him, and curiosity prompted her to open one, only to learn, it is said, something of a child of his which was to be named Bertrand Linn. She came to Philadelphia and met a young lady named Mary Shaughney, who resided with her parents at No. 3,722 Locust street. She had an interview with the young lady's mother, who said that her daughter was Mrs. Hugh J. Linn, having married the doctor some six or seven years ago at Chester, Pa.

Mrs. Linn has decided to pocket the loss of the \$10,000 and to return to Paris with her daughter. She will make it hot for Dr. Linn if he ever ventures into her neighborhood.

The following description of Dr. Linn is given by Messrs. Miller & Sharkey, of the Merchants' Detective Agency, Philadelphia:

"Hugh James Linn is 33 years of age; 5 feet 11 inches high; has hazel eyes, brown hair, dark brown whiskers, light mustache; two small moles on left cheek; has the manner and

appearance of a gentleman; usually dressed well, wears a masonic ring with large turquoise; carries a 32 degree masonic mark pendant at his watch chain; speaks a smattering of French and pretends to know the Russian language, of which he is really ignorant. Is fond of passing himself as a member of the Russian, British or American Secret Service; is an expert at all tricks with cards; is a graduate of the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania 1878; has made a special study of the disease of females; has attempted to practice medicine at various times in Philadelphia, New York, Miles City and Montana."

## Sent to His Last Account.

Several men who were playing poker in a barber shop in Denver, on the night of Nov. 18, became involved in a personal fight, in the course of which a half dozen shots were fired. Jack Weiderman, a faro dealer, was instantly killed. It is said that the shooting was done by Tom Yeager, another faro dealer. Weiderman was well known in Chicago and Cleveland.



MARY SHAUGHNEY,

THE FIRST LOVE OF DR. LINN.



DR. HUGH J. LINN,

A GAY PHILADELPHIA LOTHARIO.



DISTURBING THE BUZZARD'S ROOST.

A PARTY OF ARMED CITIZENS OF LANCASTER COUNTY, PA., TRACE THE BUZZARD GANG TO THEIR LAIR, AND CAPTURE ONE OF THE OUTLAWS AFTER A DESPERATE BATTLE.

# NEW YORK NAKED,

OR,

## NOT SUCH A SUCKER AS HE LOOKED.

Being the Adventures of a Young Man  
Who Did Not Get Left.

BY HIMSELF.

The Most Fascinating and Realistic Panorama of Metropolitan Midnight Life Ever Presented.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

The wonderful success of my little *ruse* with the bogus diamond—a *ruse* the complete triumph of which I owed rather to good fortune than design—put me on such good terms with myself that I made up my mind to indulge in the luxury of a very excellent dinner. And I had every reason, hadn't I, for the elation I felt? The pecuniary result of my interview with Mr. Neulederer, although it had conducted me through all sorts of experiences and adventures, remained in pretty much the same condition as it was when it passed into my hands; my real diamond was safe in my own personal possession, and my knowledge of the world had been considerably enriched and enlarged by the several incidents which had befallen me.

In fact, balancing losses and gains, I could not justly refrain from feeling sure I was by no means the fool I am generally taken for.

My dinner, to myself, came off at a well known Hungarian restaurant on Twenty-third street—so called, I have often supposed, because the patrons of its *table d'hôte* leave the place with appetites as eager and ferocious as those they brought. Like most institutions of its kind, its success is principally due to the fact that on its bill of fare, dishes which would be despised by its customers under their original and more familiar names, are immensely popular and voraciously devoured when served up under an *alias*.

For example, who could resist an Irish stew when disguised as that famous and characteristic Hungarian and alphabetical luxury, a "szegyntolyzkijsky"? Fishballs, contemptible as they are in the simplicity of plain American nomenclature rise to empyrean heights of delicacy as "gyzkidifuzidyskis?" As for canned corned beef, not even Inspector Byrnes' eagle eye would identify it as "gyzibz a la pfmitzksdoffs."

It is on account of this peculiarity that the Hungarian restaurants are deservedly popular with the bon-ton who get for 75 cents a head, a dinner which in elaborateness of title if in nothing else puts even the ingenuity of Delmonico's *chef* to the blush.

On this occasion, however, I did not patronize the *table d'hôte* but boldly and extravagantly went in for a "cooked to order" repast. It doesn't much matter what I had—for these details are comparatively uninteresting—but as I sat sipping that delicious Hungarian equivalent for sour cider, *slamjanjanbowil* (at 20 cents a pint, with six separate and distinct varieties of colic with each pint), I became conscious of the presence, at a neighboring table, of a very pretty girl with a wealth of blonde hair, bright, expressive blue eyes and a deliciously plump and rounded figure. She was elegantly dressed, and the circular which lay over the back of her chair was certainly worth \$150—that is if I am any judge of such garments.

She was sipping a cup of coffee with very negligent grace and toying with the peel of one of those pre-Adamic apples which the enterprising pomologist can never hope to find elsewhere than served up in single portions as the dessert of the *table d'hôte* dinner of a Hungarian restaurant.

She was so pretty, so young, so appetizing without, as she twirled her spoon between her slender fingers and smiled at some secret fancy or recollection which lingered in her mind, that I couldn't keep my eyes off her. The waiter noticed my interest in her and smiled with that cool, calculating professional smile which is characteristic of all *table d'hôte* waiters. For, be it understood, one of the principal sources of revenue of the cheap *table d'hôte* waiter is his prerogative of "introduction by request."

That is to say, if a male *table d'hôte* happens to take a fancy to a female *table d'hôte*, and the female *table d'hôte* is not averse to receiving the attentions, more or less substantial, of the male *table d'hôte*, it devolves upon the waiter to effect the desired acquaintance, which he does with all the grace and courtliness of a professional master of ceremonies, accepting by way of fee whatever the male *table d'hôte* may be generous enough to give him. The amount usually involved generally falls below a dollar, and in some instances when the lady has been judiciously coy, and the gentleman tipsily adventurous, has actually reached such a figure as a ten-dollar bill.

After fidgeting from one table to the other, and gradually drawing nearer and nearer in concentric circles, like an indolent yet eager bird of prey, my particular waiter made a feint of straightening my napkin, saying as he did so, under his breath (which, by the way, was a sort of fantasia or potpourri of everything on the bill of fare, with variations of garlic and stale cheese):

"Dot vos a fine letty, hay?"

"She is a very pretty woman," I replied, with cautious indifference.

"She is der brettest woman dot dihes here," was his next experimental remark.

"No doubt!"

"She is a marriet letty,"—this with a wink so labored that it seemed to break a bloodvessel or a suspender button, or something.

"What of it?" I asked, carelessly. My frequent contact with the theatrical profession has impressed upon me the art and mystery of assuming both virtues and vices which I don't really possess.

The waiter eyed me furtively for an instant. Then he rubbed his chin. Next he fondled my tablecloth and patted the castor with a tenderness strangely and pathetically befitting to its great age. Last of all, with

a rapid and decisive plunge into the very core of his purpose, he said:

"You would like to know der letty, hay?"

I hesitated a moment. My previous experiences with ladies whose acquaintance was to be made easily and without the formalities usually observed in polite society, had not been of a character to satisfy me.

Still she looked so fresh, so innocent, so pretty, and so ingenuous, that I fell once more a victim to my baseless infatuation for the sex.

"How can it be fixed?" I inquired, with a contemptuous air, as much as to say that the thing was simply absurd.

"Very easy," said the waiter, with his head cocked on one side. "You shooos call for a poodle of vine-sheep vine (this with another wink so violent that it shook him to his very foundations and made him breathe out a regular cyclone of garlic and sauerkraut tempered with old cheese). I get you hate van glass—no more if you want your head all right—and you sent her mit your compliments der oder glass. I addend to all dot. Den she smile all o'er mid her face unt you think unt she think unt she bow and you bow, unt you go over to her table, unt der ting is fixt, sure."

"How many glasses of wine will it require?" I observed, cautiously.

"Shooos two," said my waiter, rubbing great sausages of dirt off each hand as he brought them both together.

"And what becomes of the balance of the bottle?" I inquired, for I always like to be well posted in all necessary details.

"Vell!" was my waiter's naive response, "mebbe I think one glass minescluf, unt der rest I put back in der order cellar for der benefit of der house to get mein allowance."

"What do you mean?"

"It was der regular perquisite of der waiters."

"All right," I replied, "fetch on your bottle, as cheap a one as you can, for the whole affair may turn out a fizzle, and I don't want to be out of pocket as the result of my experiment."

"You shooos led me alone for dot," was the honest fel low's reply, "I get you a boddle of der dollar ant halfuf vine."

Saying which, with the agility and grace of a harlequin he skipped off in the direction of the cellar.

Sure enough, in a few minutes he returned with a bottle of some Hungarian concoction, the mere name of which literally would have puckered up one's mouth. I looked at it nervously and to my distempered fancy it really seemed to have eaten its way half through the glass that inclosed it.

I will swear, any how, for the benefit of anybody who may be betrayed into a similar experience, that the cork was as disintegrated as if it had been steeped for six months in crude sulphuric acid.

Cautiously grasping the bottle in which this deadly mixture was contained, with a flourish which would have done credit to the bravest and courtliest Swiss in the service of the Cafe Brunswick, he filled the glasses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## AN IDEAL LOVER.

The Trouble Made by a Manager's Mash on a Chorus Girl.

Miss Ober, proprietor of the Ideal Opera company, a middle aged lady, told a heartrending story during her examination at Cleveland in her breach of contract case against her ex-manager, Martin. She testified that the Ideals were organized five years ago, containing 1,133 hard to duplicate, that she never asked Martin to cease loving a chorus girl, but as the other chorus girls were jealous of the attention paid to their fellow artist by Martin, she advised him to announce his engagement and stop the gossip which had reached her through Whitney and his wife, who seemed to be the power behind the throne. A very friendly, almost timid, letter from Miss Ober to Martin was read, in which she advised Martin not to thrust himself on the girl, but to be patient and he would surely win the girl's love, as he had four years in which to do it before W. W., apparently his rich rival, would be back from Europe, and the girl seemed to favor him rather than W. W. to whom she had been attracted by ambition. The witness testified that she lost heavily during the first year of Martin's management, and was led to advance his salary by his threat to ruin the business. Martin and Foster and Barnabae were about to start what was to be known as the Barnabee Comic Opera company, hearing which she kept Martin until she had secured all her old artists and then discharged him.

One letter was read from Miss Ober to "My Dear Martin," in which she said: "I know you have made yourself unpopular for my sake, an unpopularity due to the cutting down of the salaries of Barnabee and Karl." The witness said that Martin led her to believe that favorable newspaper notices and special cars were due to his influence, but she found out otherwise.

Mr. Sherman, attorney for Martin, said to the Court: "The facts are this man Foster was anxious to supplant Martin, and filled Miss Ober with cock-and-bull stories about Martin, whom it was shown that Miss Ober had intended to make a partner."

The amounts which she claims that Martin embezzled are two sums of \$25 and \$41, respectively.

## AN ACCOMMODATING JURY.

The excitement over the shooting of the prisoner Byrnes at Carmel, N. Y., on the evening of Nov. 7 by Jailer Merrick after the two had been separated in a drunken fight has increased in consequence of the verdict rendered by the coroner's jury. The facts are these. The man Byrnes was inside the jail and Merrick was outside, with the grate door between them closed. In his rage Merrick shot through the bars of the door, and the heavy ball struck Byrnes in the left breast, passed through the body, and was found just beneath the skin under the shoulderblade. Byrnes died on Nov. 17.

The verdict of the jury merely states that a wound—of what character is not stated—was found in his left side, and was doing well, that the man died of pleurisy, the cause of which they could not determine.

There is no censure of any one for inflicting the wound nor any statement that the wound was thought to have any influence or even thought to be a dangerous one.

Merrick is said to treat the whole affair with indifference.

The waiter eyed me furtively for an instant. Then he rubbed his chin. Next he fondled my tablecloth and patted the castor with a tenderness strangely and pathetically befitting to its great age. Last of all, with

## THE BUZZARD'S ROOST.

The Desperate Battle that Resulted in the Capture of one of the Notorious Pennsylvania Banditti.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A desperate battle with outlaws took place at the foot of the Welsh Mountains, near Lincoln, Lancaster county, on the morning of Nov. 8, which resulted in the serious wounding of three men and the capture of one of the gang. On one side were the notorious Abe Buzzard and his men, while on the other were the outraged citizens and constabulary of the quiet towns of Ephrata and Lincoln, in the hills of which the bandit and his men have been hiding ever since their escape from Lancaster jail.

Abe Buzzard and John Clifford were serving long terms in the Lancaster jail, and with the notorious thief and jailbreaker, Frank Ford, and nine others, escaped six weeks ago. Several of them went into New York State, and one of them, Alex Leaman, was captured near Cohoes by detective Mooney, who followed him from New York city. Buzzard, Gifford and a few others remained in the Ephrata hills, having fitted up a den among the rocks. At night they came down from their fastness, and for the past three weeks their operations have been very bold, robbing stores, stealing horses and plundering farm houses.

The people became alarmed at the nightly robberies, and when it was learned that A. B. Hollinger's store at Lincoln had been robbed, and about \$400 worth of goods carried off, the villagers and neighboring farmers determined to organize and proceed in a body after the outlaws.

They armed themselves with shotguns and revolvers, and, under the command of A. B. Hollinger and E. F. Burd, of Lincoln, started in hot pursuit. After going some five miles they saw Buzzard and Clifford in the bush and ordered them to surrender. They were about fifty yards away. Buzzard yelled "Never," and he and Clifford fired on their pursuers and then ran. Hollinger and Burd and their men returned the fire and continued the chase firing as they ran. Buzzard and Clifford reloading their pistols and returned the fire. Suddenly Buzzard slightly halted and limped for a few strides, and it was evident that he had been wounded. Another volley was poured into the retreating outlaws and Clifford was wounded.

The two kept well together and the running fight continued for several miles, until finally Clifford told Buzzard he could go no further as he was too badly shot. Buzzard then turned and fired on his pursuers a final volley, and Burd fell badly wounded. Buzzard then rushed into the hills, bleeding at every stride. Clifford sank to the ground and surrendered. When the posse came up he said

"I've got to give in: I can go no further."

The chase was then given up. It was feared Buzzard would kill a number more if they continued on. Both wounded men were taken back to Ephrata amid the greatest excitement, and when it was known that Burd had been badly wounded, another armed party started after the outlaw, who by this time had met a number of his gang, who assisted their wounded leader to their den.

Buzzard was shot in the face and arm. Two teeth were knocked out, and one small bullet entered his chin. Clifford was wounded in the side. When captured he had on an overcoat stolen from Hollinger's store. He was sent to the Lancaster prison and locked up in an iron cell. He refused to say anything concerning his pals, but he remarked that Buzzard was determined to fight to the death. A lot of plunder was picked up on the trail of the fight. It is believed that Frank Ford is in the same hills hiding with the gang.

The backwoods people are terrified, and the local constabulary powerless. Buzzard is one of six brothers, all of whom have been in jail, and all were in the Lancaster prison at one and the same time for burglary. Clifford had been serving a five years' sentence of solitary confinement at hard labor for burglary.

A report was received here to-night that Buzzard had been captured together with two others, but this is hardly probable. The search will be continued tomorrow, and it is likely the outlaw and his men will be run down.

The mountain is now filled with bands of citizens in search of Buzzard, and they freely declare he shall not be taken back to jail, but that they will summarily lynch him. Those that know his desperate character and that of his associates entrenched among the caves and rocks of their present hiding places, apprehend bloody work when the fugitives are again brought to bay. Clifford was taken to the office of the county's squire, where he was quickly identified by the chief of the Lancaster police, who happened to be gunning in the neighborhood. He was very sociable, and talked freely of the escape from jail and the movements of the gang since. He has been in Pittsburg, Cincinnati and New York and doubtless was in Leaman's company when the latter was recaptured in Cohoes the other day. He said he had not assisted in the robbery of Hollinger's store but helped to hide the goods, and directed the party to a neighboring schoolhouse, in the attic of which two bags of the plunder were found and to a stone pile near Buzzard's house, where more goods were hidden.

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## THE PEOPLE'S GREAT LOSS.

Sudden Death of District Attorney, John McKeon.

[With Portrait.]

The citizens of New York and the whole country has suffered a great loss by the death of the eminent lawyer, District Attorney John McKeon, who died suddenly at his residence, No. 41 West Thirty-seventh street, on Thursday, Nov. 22.

Mr. McKeon was born in this city 79 years ago, and has never resided elsewhere. He graduated from Columbia College at an early age, and subsequently entered the law office of John L. Mason. He served his first term in Congress from Dec. 7, 1835, to March 3, 1837. He sought a re-election and was defeated, but two years later he came to the front again, and was successful, serving from May 31, 1841, to March 3, 1843. This ended his Congressional career, though he worked hard for a re-election. In 1850 he accepted the nomination for District Attorney for New York county, and was elected. In 1853 President Pierce made him United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

After this Mr. McKeon resumed the active practice of the law, and figured as counsel and as prosecuting attorney in many notable cases. He took a prominent part in the celebrated Drury case, and in the case of the Nun of

Kennmare. He acted as counsel to Edward Stokes in the first trial. He was also counsel for Peter B. Sweeny in the Ring suits. He was elected as District Attorney in November, 1881, and entered upon the duties of his office on the first of the following January.

Honesty and integrity of purpose were the main-spring of Mr. McKeon's actions, both in public and private life, and he set an example which all would do well to follow.

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## ROASTED BY ROBBERS.

Three Masked Men Extort a Miser's Hoard by Terribly Torturing Him.

A horrible case of cruelty has thrown a large portion of Colorado into a state of excitement. It occurred a fortnight ago, about two miles from Littleton, and southeast of the main road from that place to Denver. The victim was a swede, named Ole Ostenson, an old man, said to be of very miserly habits, who has lived alone in a very obscure spot for several years back, and has been generally believed to be worth a large amount of money. He has been engaged in raising poultry and garden produce for the Denver market.

On the night of the outrage Ostenson was alone in the house reading an old book, when a stranger knocked at the door and asked for information, saying he had lost his trail and wished to be directed. While Ostenson was talking to him three masked men sprang behind the old man and quickly placed a bandage over his eyes. Dragging him to a spot within a few feet of the house they tied him to a tree, and then taking off the bandage, demanded his money. He told them he was a poor man and had been sending what money he had to a son in the East. The leader of the party then said:

"Old man, this won't do. Our opinion is that you are telling us a damned lie. Tell us where you have hid your stuff, or by Jesus Christ you'll be sorry for it."

The old man's protestations were loud and long. He declared he had only a few dollars about the place and they were welcome to that. The former spokesman then said: "Ostenson, we know you, reveal your hidden treasure or we'll burn you." The old man begged for mercy, but again pleaded his poverty. At a signal from the leader, piles of faggots were then brought and placed around the old man's feet. Though suffering excruciating agony, as the faggots were lighted and the flames began to play around his lower limbs, Ostenson only plead for mercy and renewed his pleas of destitution. After the torture had been continued for some time, the old man, dead than alive, was released from his position and left on the ground, with one man to guard him.

The robbers then, struck by a new idea, entered the house and began to fumble around the premises. Lighting a candle, they explored every nook and cranny. The old man had in the meantime rallied, and getting away from his guard, entered the house, determined to prevent the loss of his wealth. As soon as the robbers perceived him, they again seized him and binding him to a chair they commenced a bastinado with a tough stick on the soles of his burned feet.

"Tell us where your money is," hissed the robbers "or you die." At the same time one of them drew a long dirk from his overcoat

## MURDER MOST FOUL.

A Farmer's Wife and Daughter Strangled in a Barn, at Brookville, L. I.

Blind and Aged Gerrit Maybee also Nearly Killed by the Ruthless Assassin—Wholesale Arrests.

[With Illustrations and Portraits.]

The great sensation of the last ten days has been the terrible and mysterious double murder of Mrs. Lydia Maybee and her daughter, Annie E. on the evening of the 17th inst., at Brookville, Queens county, L. I.

Brookville is a little hamlet belonging to the township of Oyster Bay. A road crosses the North Side turnpike, running north and south. The hamlet extends along north of the four corners for half a mile. The Brookville road runs along between very low hills. About a quarter of a mile from the corner there is a neat white board fence on the right (east) side of the road for 15 rods, with corners that round in at a hand gate. The yard is full of trees of various kinds, including evergreens, apple trees, an aspen, and several other ornamental shade trees. In various places are flower beds. Directly in front of the small gate and ten rods back from the road stands the house of Mr. Gerrit Maybee. It is a two-story frame building, painted light olive green. It is in the form of an L.

By a window in the southwest corner of the sitting room, Saturday afternoon, on the 17th, Mr. Gerrit Maybee was sitting in a comfortable armchair. He is 65 years old, and has been paralyzed in his lower limbs for fourteen years, and blind for almost as long. At 4 o'clock his wife entered the sitting room from the kitchen, and told him she was going out to the barn to milk. The daughter Annie, as she was called, was preparing supper in the kitchen when Mrs. Maybee went out the rear door of the kitchen with two pails in her hand. Half of three-quarters of an hour later Annie went into the sitting room.

"She was very attentive to me," said her father, subsequently, to a POLICE GAZETTE reporter. "She never went out without speaking to me first. She said: 'Father, I am going out to the barn to mix some feed for the chickens. I will come back in a few minutes.' I told her not to go long, and she walked out. After a short time she returned, and asked me if mother had gone to the barn to milk. I told her she had. Then she said:

"I guess she didn't. I found the pails on the meal chest, but when I called her she did not answer. I could not see her anywhere."

Annie carried a lantern. I told her she must be mistaken, and that she should go out again and call her. She did so. She was gone so long that I began to wonder why she was detained. How long I do not know, but after a while I heard a footstep pass through the dining room from the kitchen into the hall. It sounded like some one walking without shoes. I thought that very strange, for my wife and Annie wore heavy shoes. I said:

"Who's there?"

"A voice as of a man trying to imitate a woman's voice answered, 'Me.'

"Who's me?" I said. There was no answer. The footsteps went up the hall and into my bedroom, directly over me. Then I raised up in my chair and pounded on the floor with my cane as loud as I could, and cried 'Help! Help!' as loud as I could. Directly the sound of the steps was heard rushing down the stairs and into the sitting room. He closed the door, and I said, 'What do you want?' He said:

"I want your watch."

"I haven't got any."

"Where is that gold watch you have carried for the past two years? I want it, and if you don't give it to me I'll kill you."

"Then he came up to me, and, placing his hands on my shoulders, felt along down each side of my body. I was helpless. I said to him:

"I haven't it here; it is up, stairs. If you want it you will have to go up and get it. I can't get it."

"He left then, and went out into the hall and started up the stairs, and I shouted for help as loud as I could. He came jumping back, and said, in a determined way, that if I did not keep still he would kill me before he got the watch. I kept still then till I heard him up stairs again, and then I shouted as loud as I could. He came down soon, and again threatened me, so I kept quiet till he was in the hall, and I supposed he was going away. Then I redoubled my efforts. He at once returned, and struck me, I think, four times over the head with something like a club. I was knocked on to the floor, and I fainted. How soon I was able to get up and reach the window I do not know."

Israel Baxter, a wheelwright in the employ of A. J. Remsen, who owns a wagon repair shop and a blacksmith's shop a quarter of a mile north of the home of Gerrit Maybee. He lives in a frame cottage directly opposite Mr. Maybee's. Frank Smith is Remsen's blacksmith, and lives near the turnpike. When Baxter and Smith quit work on Saturday evening they went into Remsen's house and ate supper. Then they started south along the road toward their homes. It was about half past 6 o'clock when they neared the gate at Baxter's home. It was very dark. Looking toward Maybee's they saw through the trees the faint glow of the coal fire in the sitting room, and nothing else. As they went on they heard some one shout up at Maybee's. It sounded like "Murder!" It was of such nature that Mr. Baxter dropped a basket he was carrying. They stopped to listen, and then they heard the cry again:

"Murder! Murder! Oh, is there no one to help?"

It was the voice of old Mr. Mr. Maybee.

"What is the matter?" shouted Mr. Baxter.

"I am murdered, and I fear my wife and child are. Run—go to the barn. They are there. Help! Help!" They ran into the yard. John and Sarah McQueen live next north of Mr. Baxter's. They heard the cries also. Mr. McQueen was sick in bed, but his wife ran into the road to offer any help she could. Baxter and Smith ran up to the porch and asked Mr. Maybee if his assailants had gone. He told them he did not know. As they were unarmed, they thought best not to search until more help was obtained. Mr. Baxter ran down to the road and sent Mrs. McQueen to arouse part of the neighborhood, while he went to others. Mr. Edward Tappan came along and assisted. In three minutes Brookville was wild with excitement. Men came running toward the house armed with guns, pistols and knives. When William Remsen reached the house he headed the gang that started in.

"I walked into the hall and opened the door of the sitting room," he said yesterday. "You cannot imagine the terrors of the scene by the faint light of the coal stove fire. Old Mr. Maybee sat in his chair in the corner, with blood streaming down the left side of his face from great gashes in his left temple. It had run down through his clothing. There was a pool of blood on the floor by his chair. His beard was full of it. I asked him what was the matter, but he was thinking of his wife and daughter, and urged us to go to the barn for them and leave him, saying that they were all murdered. Leaving the Rev. J. H. Smock and Israel Baxter to care for him, half a dozen of us started for the barn. We passed out the front door and around to the north of the house to the roadway, which passes two rods north of the house and runs away to the north and east, passing a large red grain house about eight rods from the house. Two rods further on it passes through an opening in a picket fence and on over a bridge to the barn, which is twenty rods north of the house and at least sixteen from the road. The great sliding door was shoved back and we stepped in.

"There was a lantern standing on the barn floor at the right side of the doorway. On the meal chest beyond it stood two pails, one within the other. They were empty. At the right the cow stood in her stall, and beyond her were empty stalls. On the left the family horse was standing. It whinnied as we walked in. Beyond it were two apparently empty stalls. Before us, at the rear (north) side of the barn, was a pile of cornfodder. Over head the hay was stored. We walked along the east side, peering into the stall beside the cow and into those beyond; by the aid of the lantern we saw nothing unusual. Then we crossed over. The two northerly stalls were partly filled with dried leaves, raked from the yard for use as bedding for the animals. Looking over a gate to the centre stall, Mr. Jacob Flitting saw a woman's apron partly covered with the leaves. His exclamation brought the rest of us around him.

"I brushed away the leaves, and there was the body of Annie Maybee. She was lying on her right side, her head toward the west, and her right arm stretched out over the brown leaves, and her left hanging over her side. Her head was thrown back a little, and her hair had fallen down and was mingling with the leaves behind her. Her right leg was drawn up slightly. She looked as if she was asleep. We felt of her pulse and of her side over her heart. She was dead. Her cheeks and body were still warm. Then we began to clear away the leaves in the further stall, and there we found the mother. She was lying on her left side. Her limbs were all contracted and her mouth was open. Her head rested against the side of the barn. The leaves clung to her face when we tried to brush them away. It was horrifying."

The news of the murder created the most intense excitement all over the neighborhood, and soon hundreds of people from Glen Cove and Oyster Bay flocked to the spot. Mrs. Mester Simonson, wife of W. H. Simonson, a younger daughter, lives in Glenhead. She heard the terrible story, and hastened to her father. The neighbors flocked in to render help. An examination of the bedroom, above the sitting room, was made. The lower drawer of a bureau had been opened, and \$100 in bills and silver taken from a pocketbook under the clothing in the right front corner. A gold open-faced lady's watch, belonging to Mrs. Maybee, with the initials "L. M." in the case, had hung on a hook on the window frame at one side of the bureau. It was gone. Mr. Maybee's white-faced Tobias watch was taken from a small upper drawer of the bureau. A gold breastpin, with a black enamel cross, and a cameo pin, with the initials "L. M." on it, were taken from the same drawer. Nothing else was disturbed.

The authorities entirely lost their heads in the matter. The few days following the murder many arrests were made, unfortunate tramps being the principal sufferers. These to the number of some half a dozen were locked up at Roslyn, Jamaica, or Long Island City, but owing to lack of evidence, were subsequently released as were also Mr. and Mrs. Lambertson, neighbors of the Maybees, whom a "fresh fly cop" arrested on suspicion. Coroner Baylis, of Oyster Bay, made a fool of himself by subjecting one of the prisoners, a tramp named Doyle, to the operation of re-peating in the presence of farmer Maybee, the words used by the murderer toward that person.

Altogether \$2,500 has been offered for the apprehension of the murderer, but there seems little prospect of his ever falling into the hands of the law. Our illustrations on page 9 represent the scene of the murder, with portraits of the victims from sketches on the spot by our special artist. This gentleman was the only representative of an illustrated paper allowed on the farm, and consequently the only one to obtain accurate pictures.

## BY MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY RULES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The daughter of an up-to-date washerwoman is a reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, and well posted on all sporting matters. One of her mother's customers is a young swell who makes pretensions as a boxer, and consorting with fast companions he sometimes spends his substance in riotous living, and neglects to pay promptly the faithful cleaner of his linen. The old lady got tired of dunning him, when the daughter took the matter in hand and recently visited him in company with her mother, determined to enforce a settlement. "Look here," she said to the astonished dude, presenting a pair of boxing gloves, "this thing is got to be settled some way, and as you pretend to be a squire, and as I know something of handling my bunch of fives, I propose to settle it by the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Put on the gloves, and may the best man—or woman—win." After taking a look at the muscular looking damsels, the youth decided that there was a better and easier way of settling the matter and produced his pocketbook.

## NORWALK'S DOUBLE SENSATION.

The sudden and mysterious disappearance of a quartet of young people from Clarksfield, O., leaves two deeply grieved families and a heartbroken mother. A week ago Emma Peck and May Porter, without notice or warning, left their home. At the same time Jud Post and Herbert Barrett likewise took their departure. Every possible effort has been made by the grieved parents of the girls to ascertain their whereabouts, but without avail. Emma Peck is a bright girl, 18 years old. Parties have been making a thorough search through the marriage certificate records of this and neighboring counties and even into Michigan, in hopes that marriage licenses might be found which would throw some light on the mysterious disappearances, but their failure to discover anything makes the worst not only seem possible but probable.

## A DEATH STRUGGLE.

The Justifiable Shooting of Patrick Brady by Policeman Ryan.

[Subject of Illustration.]

After making determined efforts to evade capture, Patrick Brady, a desperate young thief, was shot dead in a canal boat at the foot of West Fortieth street, on Nov. 21. Policeman Charles J. Ryan, of the Twenty-second precinct, who killed Brady, declared that the shooting was accidental and that Brady was resisting arrest at the time. He had been trying to arrest Brady since Aug. 14, when some clothing was stolen from the rooms of Jacob German, at No. 456 West Fortieth street. On the afternoon of that day Ryan saw a boy, Samuel Buckley, going along the street with a suspicious bundle, and arrested him. The bundle contained a coat and a pair of trousers which had been stolen from German's rooms. Buckley said that the articles had been given to him by Francis McMahon and Patrick Brady, with instructions to pawn them for \$6. German said that a window of his rear room had been forced open by the thieves. An inmate of the house had seen a man go out of the front door with a bundle, after the robbery. The police thought the man was McMahon.

Ryan learned from Buckley that Brady and McMahon were to wait for the boy at the foot of Forty-fourth street, and he went to that place to arrest them. He found them without difficulty and told them that they were prisoners. McMahon submitted to arrest, but Brady put his hand into his pistol pocket and said: "If you attempt to take me I'll kill you." The officer was unarmed, and he permitted Brady to escape. McMahon was not identified as the man who had left German's rooms after the burglary, but he and Buckley were accused of complicity in the crime. They were paroled to give the police an opportunity to arrest Brady.

About six weeks afterward Policeman Ryan saw Brady on the top of a moving freight car in Eleventh avenue. Brady flourished a revolver and warned Ryan not to pursue him. The thief was not seen again by his pursuer until the day of the shooting. Ryan sent to Capt. Killings the following account of the pursuit and shooting which followed the meeting:

"About 10:30 A. M. Officer Clifford and I were going down Eleventh avenue. At Forty-seventh street I saw Patrick Brady and Francis McMahon coming up the avenue. I called Clifford's attention to them and told him that they were wanted for a burglary. As soon as they saw us they ran down the avenue to Forty-sixth street and through that street toward the North River. Brady jumped over the gas house fence and I followed him. The watchman in the gas house tried to stop him, but Brady broke away and jumped overboard. He was rescued by McMahon, who had got into a rowboat. Clifford and I ran up to the Forty-ninth street dock and borrowed a boat from John Murphy to go after them. After rowing around the docks for some time we saw the boat which they had occupied. It was tied to a canal boat at the foot of Fortieth street. We boarded the canal boat and inquired of the captain, John W. Edwards, if he had seen the fugitives. He denied having seen them. Just then I saw McMahon coming out of the cabin. He ran down the stairs again. I called Clifford and we followed him down. Brady was drying his clothes in the cabin. He had on only his shirt, and he ran to hide under the cabin stairs. McMahon hid in one of the bunks and Clifford went after him. I had drawn my revolver while going down stairs, and I called on Brady to surrender. He rushed at me and seized both my hands. In the struggle which followed my revolver was discharged and the bullet struck him in the breast. He fell on a stool. Clifford and I carried him to the deck, where he died in a few minutes. The shooting was accidental."

Brady was 22 years old. His parents died several years ago, and he lived with his aunt, Mrs. McGreevy, in Weehawken. He became a thief at an early age, and also grew to be a dangerous ruffian. About two years ago he was caught stealing and was sent to the prison in Trenton, N. J. He was dismissed from there last June. After committing the burglary in Fortieth street, Brady created a disturbance in a liquor store in lower Weehawken, and beat the proprietor, nearly killing him. The wife of the liquor dealer was ill in the house, and she was shocked so badly by the treatment of her husband that she was not expected to live. A warrant was obtained for Brady's arrest, and he was a fugitive from New Jersey justice when he was killed.

## BURGLARS FOILED.

A bold attempt at robbery was made in Camden, N. J., on Tuesday night, Nov. 20, at the jewelry store of Edward Dougherty, No. 255 Calhoun's avenue. Four rough-looking men entered the place shortly after 9 o'clock, while Mr. Dougherty was preparing to close up for the night. Without saying a word one of the quartet quietly turned the key in the lock. Another covered the frightened jeweller with a cocked revolver, while the other two devoted their attentions to the safe, which contained a lot of valuables in the way of diamonds, watches and other articles of jewelry. The safe door being locked, the men turned their attention to despoiling a showcase of a number of trinkets. At this moment Mrs. Dougherty appeared in the door leading from the store to the dwelling part of the house. One of the thieves rushed toward her, but she eluded him and ran out the back way through an alley into the street. He discharged a pistol shot at her, which sped wide of its mark. The woman upon reaching the street called loudly for help. This caused the burglars to decamp at once. One of them was subsequently arrested at the Calhoun's Point Ferry, and held for trial.

## A MONSTER OF INIQUITY.

The peremptory expulsion of several schoolgirls from No. 3 school in Hoboken, N. J., has brought to light another human ogre, who has corrupted the morals of a large number of children and yet enjoys his liberty. This being is the keeper of a low saloon located near the school building, and into his den he has enticed his victims by gifts of candy, trinkets and money. So blighting was his influence that the children finally became hardened and went to him willingly to receive his bribes. The effect was noticed in their conduct and was demoralizing the whole school when Principal Kelly made an investigation which resulted in the dismissal of Fannie Conkling and Sarah Gilday, both 14 years of age, and quite pretty little misses. They acknowledged to have frequented the place and to be plotting for so doing. Anna Jaast, a little girl of 13, who had also gone to the den, voluntarily left the school to avoid dismissal. Maggie McLaughlin and Alice Bentley, of the same age, are among his other

victims, and it is thought that the whole truth is not yet known.

The parents of all these children were informed of the indignities they had received at Doyle's hands, but have so far refused to prosecute him, having, on consultation, agreed to try to hush the matter up to save the reputation of their daughters.

## FIFTY-THREE DAYS IN IRONS.

Horrible Experience of an Alleged Mutineer on Board a Merchantman.

Soon after the bark Northern Light arrived in this port from South America, Thursday, Nov. 21, her master, Capt. Joshua Slocom, went to the office of the United States Marshal, and entered a complaint against his second mate, Henry Arthur Slater, charging him with having fired on one of the sailors trying to get up a mutiny. Two deputy marshals were sent to take Slater off the vessel, which was lying at Martin's Stores, Brooklyn. When the officers went on board, Capt. Slocom warned them to "look out for Slater," as he was "a dangerous man." They found Slater stowed away in the hold, and bound with heavy irons. When brought out the prisoner was not able to stand alone. He was taken before United States Commissioner Shields, and remanded to Ludlow Street Jail for examination.

As soon as the prisoner reached the jail he asked the keepers for God's sake to give him something to eat, as he was starving. He then sank to the floor and fainted. By the time he had revived food had been brought and he ate ravenously. He said that he had been in iron for fifty-three days, and that the place where he was imprisoned was so small he had to sit up all the time. His only food during that time was a maggoty biscuit now and then, and he had almost died for want of water. The place, he said, was alive with vermin.

Slater, who is a fine looking fellow, said that he belonged in Boston. After eating a hearty meal he fainted again and became delirious. His body swelled up, and the keepers becoming alarmed, sent for Dr. O'Brien, one of the prison physicians. At midnight Slater was lying with his arms crossed and begging "Frank" to "try and get the chains off." He was also begging for more biscuits.

The authorities are now going to make it hot for that human brute. Captain Joshua Slocom.

## IN A BAD HOLE.

An Old Philadelphia Citizen Arrested for Seduction and Breach of Promise.

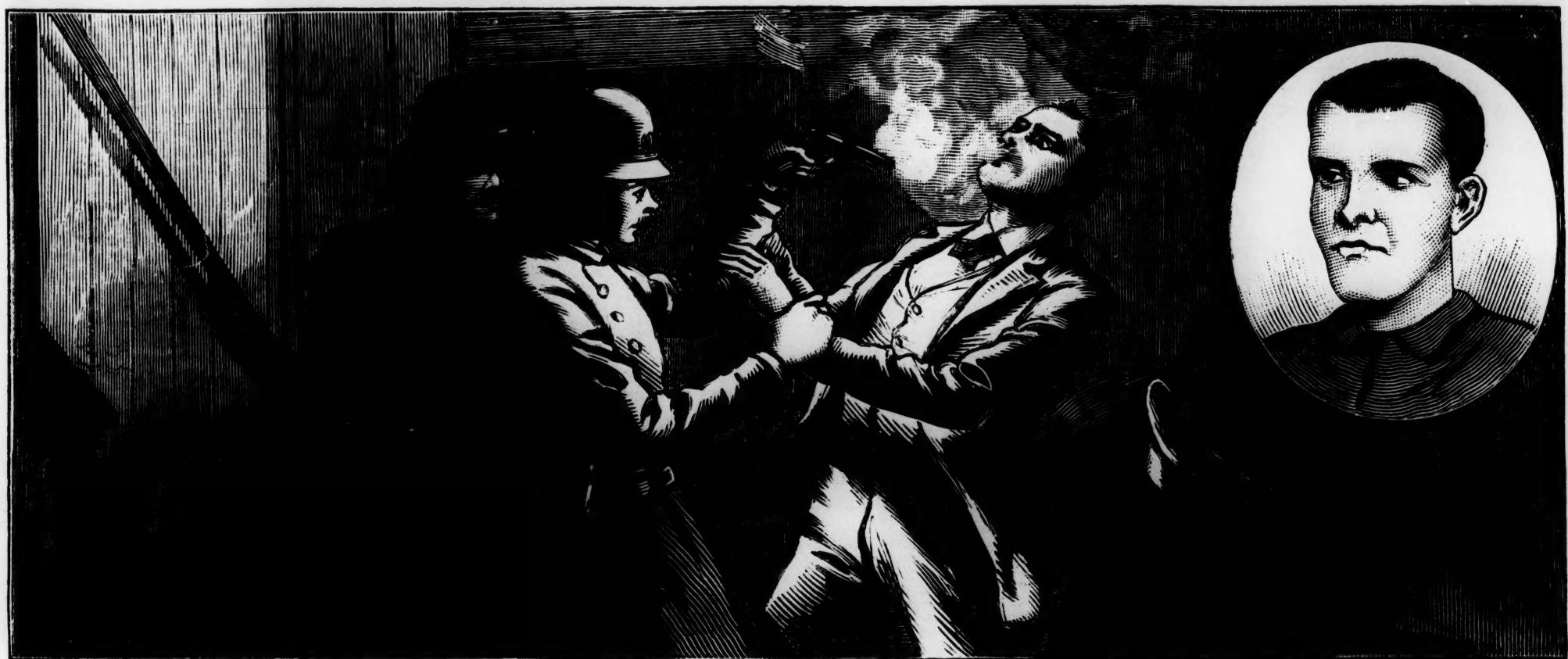
John L. Maylin, a man of considerable wealth, residing at No. 2809 Susquehanna avenue, Philadelphia, was arrested Nov. 21 upon two writs of capias sworn to by John Kurtz and his daughter, Amelia Kurtz, charging him with effecting the ruin of the latter under promise of marriage. Several years ago Maylin and Kurtz became partners in the bottling business, Maylin contributing about \$1,000, to manufacture stoppers of an improved patent, for which Kurtz had the patent. With the view of reducing his expenses, Kurtz, who was a poor man with a family of five children, eagerly accepted Maylin's proposition that they should live in a house which he owned, and in which one room should be reserved for his occupancy.

Shortly afterward, it is alleged, Maylin, who is a bachelor over 70 years of age, evinced a partiality toward Amelia, the oldest child of his partner, then a pretty girl of 18, whom he frequently took to the theater and presented with shoes, dresses, jerseys and other articles of apparel. In all this her parents suspected no wrong, relying upon the age and respectability of the defendant. A few weeks ago, however, the parents declare that they discovered that which compelled them to leave Maylin's house immediately and institute criminal proceedings before Magistrate Ladner. The civil proceedings are by the daughter, for damages for breach of promise of marriage, and by the father for loss of services and the society of his daughter. Judge Finletter fixed the bail at \$1,500 in each case.

## A SWINDLING PARSON.

On Oct. 6 last, George W. Strahm, residing at Grand Chain, near Mound City, Ill., fell from the steamer Gus Fowler, at Ogden's landing, a few miles above that city, and was supposed to have been drowned. As Strahm was a member of the order of Knights and Ladies of Honor, the members offered \$50 reward for the recovery of the body. About two weeks ago Strahm unexpectedly made his appearance at home, but when questioned in regard to his strange actions, told conflicting stories. His friends, thinking that all was not right, made inquiries and learned that his life was insured for \$10,000, placed as follows: \$8,000 in the order of which he was a member; \$3,000 in the Widow and Orphans' Aid Society, of Cairo; \$2,500 in the Mutual Aid Society of Paducah, Ky., and \$1,500 in the Northwestern Aid Association, of Bloomington. State's Attorney Bradley has a sworn statement made by Strahm, which sets forth that he was approached by a Baptist minister, J. F. Yoakum, who concocted the scheme to swindle the insurance companies, and who furnished the money necessary to keep up the policies. The plans were frustrated by the return of Strahm. Yoakum and Strahm were brought to Mound City on Nov. 20, and placed in the county jail.

## DIED LIKE A DOG.



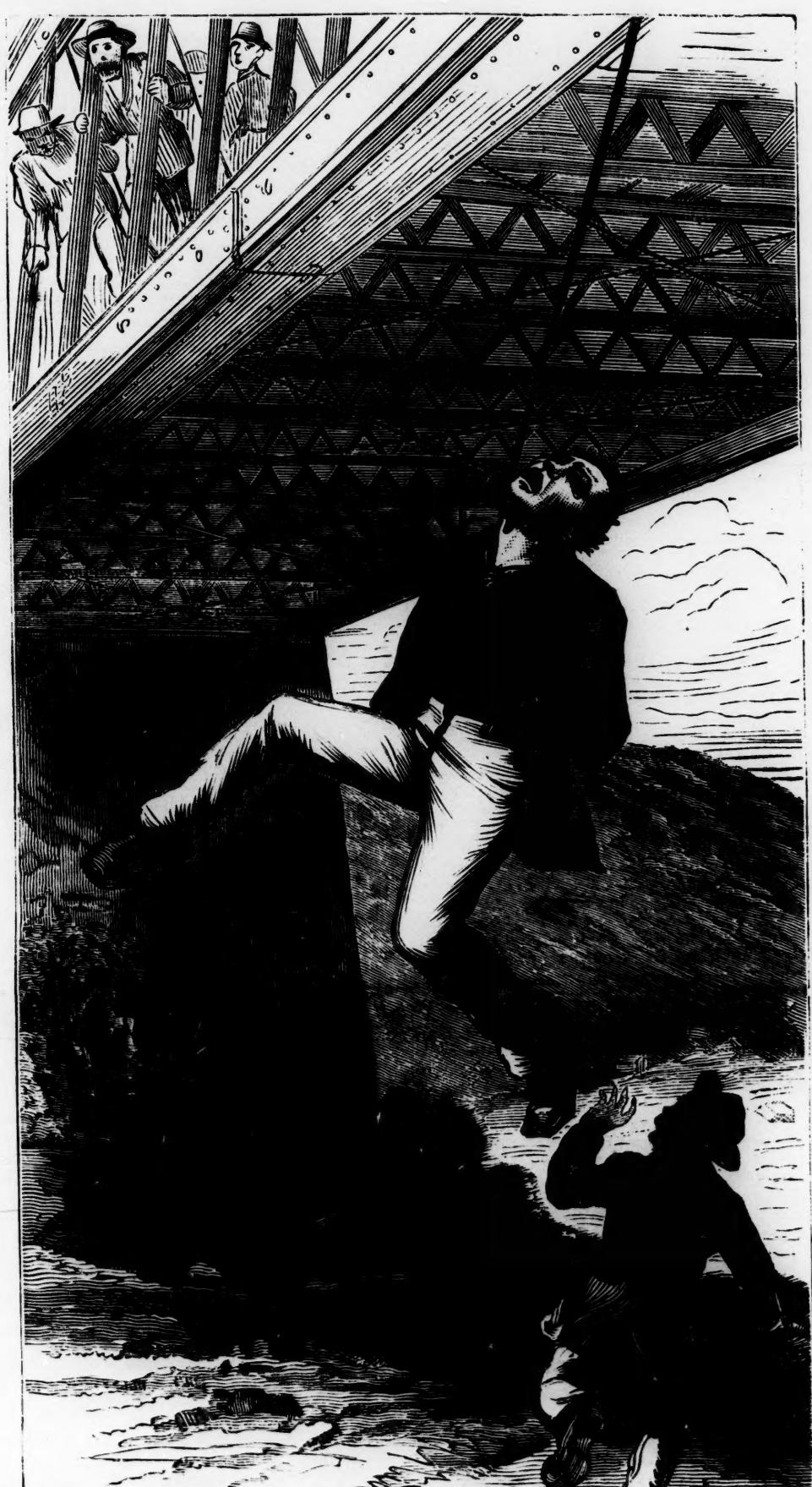
BOUND TO TAKE HIM, DEAD OR ALIVE.

THE HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTER BETWEEN POLICEMAN RYAN AND PATRICK BRADY, A DESPERATE YOUNG THIEF, IN THE CABIN OF A CANAL BOAT ON THE NORTH RIVER, WHICH RESULTED IN THE DEATH OF THE LATTER, WITH PORTRAIT OF THE DEAD BURGLAR.



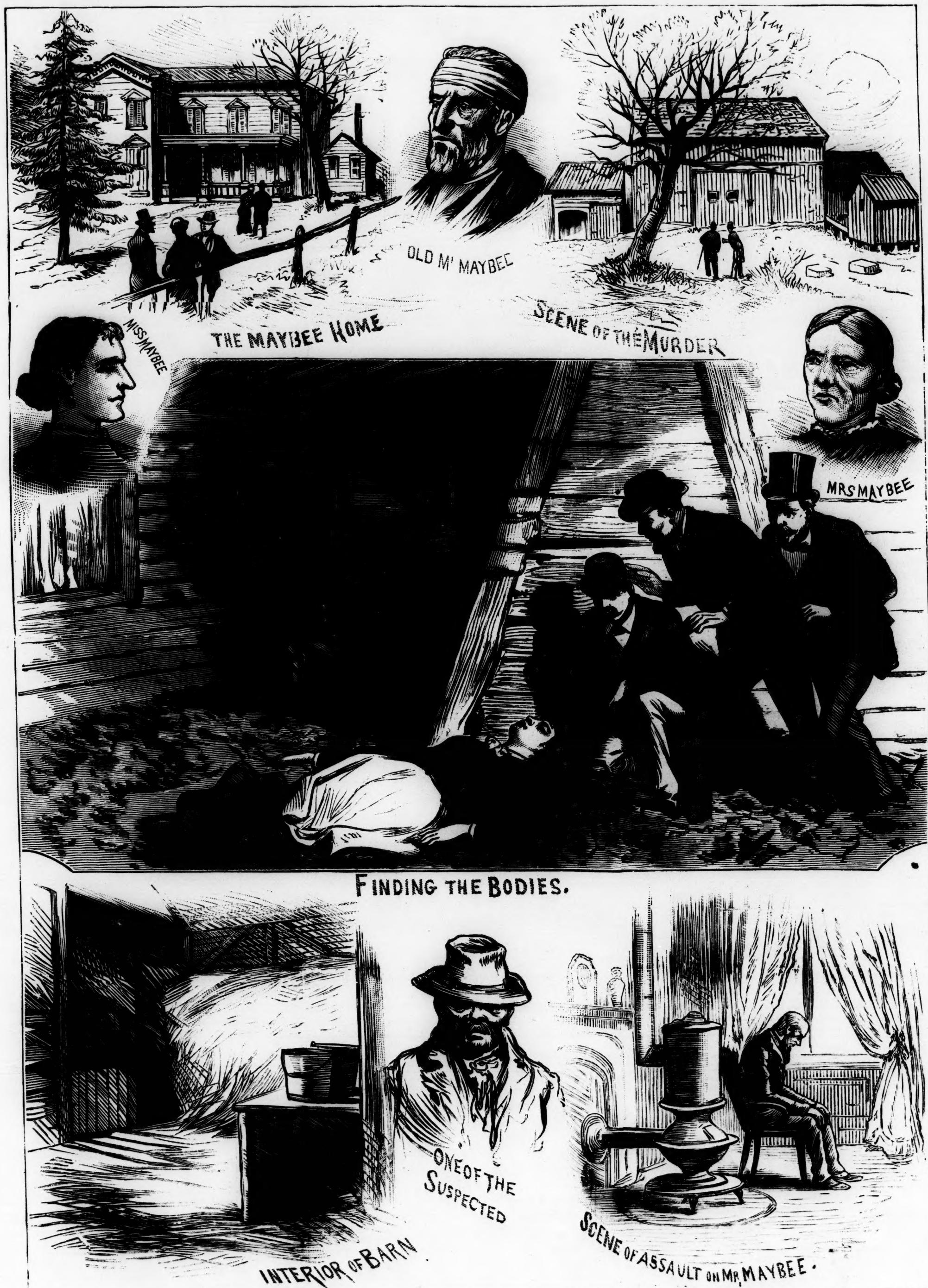
SAVED BY A TWIG.

THE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF MR. OSGOOD, WHILE ON A HUNTING EXCURSION, AT EAST HAMPTON, MAINE.



DIED LIKE A DOG.

THE LYNNING OF JAMES DOYLE AT CHARLESTOWN, W. VA., BY A CROWD OF INDIGNANT CITIZENS.



## THE LONG ISLAND TRAGEDY.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE CRUEL MURDER OF MRS. LYDIA ROMAINE MAYBEE, AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS ANN ELIZA, AND OF THE BRUTAL ASSAULT ON MR. GERRIT MAYBEE, AT BROOKVILLE, L. I., WITH PORTRAITS.

(From Sketches by Police Gazette Special Artists.)

## THE PRIZE RING.

No Let Up in the Pugilistic Boom--  
News from all Quarters.

Lively Mills and Sparring Matches  
near New York and in the Great  
and Glorious West.

The John L. Sullivan combination had a grand reception at Battery D Armory, Chicago, on the 16th inst. It was a grand turn out to welcome America's champion, and every chair in the armory was occupied, and by 8 o'clock an audience of 9,000 had gathered. Those who came late were obliged to stand. The standees numbered 4,800. The elevated tiers of seats east of the "ring" held the choice spirits of the occasion. Among them were Tommy Chandler, Alderman Appleton, Late King-ley, Paddy Ryan, Charley Lowery, Fred. Matthews, J. A. Murphy, William Riley, Harbormaster McCarthy, H. J. E. Rottee, H. L. Saulsbury, G. N. Lydston, Wally White, Justice Summerfield, Colonel Tom Robinson, Johnny Mooney, George Reed, Thomas Fogarty, Thomas Moynahan, J. H. Coyne, Billy Hawley, George Everhart, Archie Winnie, County Attorney Bliss, Dan Boynton, Charley, Pulsifer, John Parmalee, Fred. Stanly, Harry Sawdy, Messrs. Kohl and Mittleton, Professor Harris, Neese J. Nelson, A. C. Huston, Charles O. Nash, Frank Parker, Tom Curley, W. W. Kelly, Charles E. Cobron, William Tabor, Michael C. McDonald, Charles Rector, Alderman Geohegan, Henry Johnson, Billy Whalen, Dick Higham, Col. A. J. Casse, W. V. Booth, Henry Roberts, E. J. Lehmann, G. P. French, Joe Martin, "Fatty" Phillips, John B. Howe, George Kent, Dee Healy, ex-County Commissioner Matt Glidav, W. G. Studebaker, Charley Parmalee, Eddy Dorney, H. G. Nichols, Alderman Gaynor, James Fitzgerald, John Fullerton, Captain O'Donnell, Billy Boyle, George Kent, George Milligan, Harry Ballard, John Draper, W. C. Fitzgerald, Parson Davies, John Owens, John M. Dandy, Pat Sheedy, Captain Williams, Mike Wasserman, P. J. Saulson, Mike Hinnegan, Yank Adams, C. C. Corbett, Joseph Kipley, John Shea, Sherman Thurston, Walter C. Abbott, and George Osgood.

The boxing exhibition was opened by Steve Taylor and Mike Gillespie. Gillespie used his left hand well, but Taylor was too weighty for him. The wind-up left Gillespie panting for wind and both good natured.

William and Charles Sanders, of Chicago, then favored the throng with "a brother act." Pete McCoy, the cleverest 140-lb pugilist in America, followed in a set-to with Slade. The latter was no match for McCoy, although he exceeded Mac's avordropus by some 60 lbs. Capt. James Dalton and Thomas Anderson, of Chicago, fished for 15 minutes. Dalton played with his opponent, and in the third round skinned Anderson's left cheek with a sliding blow, the glove cutting the skin like a razor. When this set-to ended Anderson was on the floor.

With a swinging gait John L. Sullivan tramped down the centre aisle, followed by Steve Taylor. A ten-thousand-throated volume of cheers went up for the champion. Viewed in the matter of bulk he is not in condition. He suggests the prize bullock, King David, in the fat stock show, and should be trained down for his best work before a stone breaking machine. Mounting the platform he glided to his corner with a step as soft as the wrapper on the prize merino sheep. He wore flesplings of pink, with a blue belt, white stockings and dark gaiters. Taylor wore blue tights, azure hued stockings and kid shoes. From the second the men were called to the scratch the "science" in the manly art found clever exposition. There no child's play about Sullivan's sparring. His is a sharp stand-up fight, first, last, and all the time. Between the champion and Taylor there was no "end hitting." The punishment with the gloves was as severe as any one could expect under a stipulation that there was to be no "knocking out." Sullivan forced the fighting toward the end of the first round, and after he had landed a few telegraph poles on Taylor's neck and shoulders, Moran called time.

In the second round Sullivan appeared to better advantage. He averaged eight effective blows to four by Taylor, and was apparently prevented from punishing his adversary by the interposition of Moran, who ordered the men to walk around. Sullivan's superiority was again illustrated in the third round. Twice he laid his left-hand glove on Taylor's neck with powerful effect, and staggering his man, both times "picking him up" again, as Sherman Thurston expressed it, by a left-handed reverse. Taylor improved one of these openings, after being thus "picked up," by countering on Sullivan's mouth. The champion didn't like it, and forced Taylor to the ropes just as Moran called time.

The fourth round was remarkable for heavy hitting. The men were well warmed, and Taylor rushed in gamely several times. Finally they clinched, then whirled, and when Sullivan got ready for action he could easily have struck Taylor in the neck and sent him over the ropes. The latter not only was without form or guard of any kind, but he stood with his back to the champion's battery. This closed the set-to. The audience applauded vigorously, and old sports declared that it had been the most exciting set-to with gloves ever witnessed in the West.

John L. Sullivan and Herbert A. Slade were announced for the closing event of the evening. There was nothing shoulder bound about the event either. Slade, in order to make a creditable showing, was obliged to reach after the Boston Boy with all his might. After several abortive attempts he "found" Sullivan's nose. The champion was nettled. Jumping from the floor as if to leap over the Maori, he made a feint with his right, and as Slade ducked to dodge it, Sullivan's left described a half circle and landed with the motion of an upper cut on the Maori's under jaw. From this point, as Pat Sheedy expressed it to Yank Adams, he had the giant "paralyzed." When Sullivan went to his corner after the first round, the veteran sport, Sherman Thurston, unable to restrain his enthusiasm, crowded to the ropes and took Sullivan warmly by the hand.

In the second round Sullivan was in the air several times. At each leap he would curve his arm over his opponent's head and come under with his left. He jumps viciously and hits hard. Moran called time as soon as it became evident that Sullivan's punishment of Slade was becoming too severe to be strictly hippodrome. In the third round some in-fighting delighted those lovers of scientific boxing who appreciate its

finest points. Slade here delivered blow for blow, and half a dozen exchanges were made. Then the champion bounded away returning a second later, in the air, as usual, and driving Slade to the ropes.

Charles E. Davies, the "Parson," then stepped into the "ring." He had been sitting with Paddy Ryan near the centre of the hall. He was greeted with cheers. Advancing to the ropes he said: "You are all doubtless aware that John L. Sullivan has issued some challenges to Paddy Ryan. He has offered Ryan one-half the receipts for a set-to with soft gloves, the match to take place in San Francisco in one, two or three months, or in the event of Ryan's failure to accept that proposition, Sullivan has declared that he will give Ryan the gross receipts of the house if he (Sullivan) failed to knock him out in four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules. Well, I am here tonight to say on behalf of Paddy Ryan that he accepts Sullivan's challenge. [Cheers.] To-morrow I will be happy to meet Al. Smith, who represents Sullivan, and draw up articles of agreement and such stipulations as are necessary. The meeting will occur in San Francisco. I am assured that there will be no objection to the match on the part of the authorities. There will be a fair field and no favor, and may the best man win. [Applause.]

A voice—Which proposition does Ryan accept?

Parson Davies—You come down to-morrow afternoon, after we get the articles of agreement signed, and I'll read them to you.

Sullivan and Slade then wound up with round No. 4.

When the exhibition terminated two or three hundred persons crowded around Parson Davies for some definite news regarding the coming Ryan-Sullivan match. Mr. Davies said:

"Ryan will spar Sullivan for 50 per cent of the receipts, irrespective of results."

"How about the knocking out?"

"If Sullivan is able to knock Ryan out in the first round he will do it. The same is true of Ryan."

On Saturday, at 219 Randolph street, the rival champions met, and the match was arranged. The fight is to come off in San Francisco, in one, two or three months, four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for half the gate money. Sullivan offered to fight for all the gate money, conditioned on knocking Ryan out in four rounds, but this Ryan refused to accept. Al. Smith and Parson Davies are to meet in a few days to arrange the details, when more definite information can be given. Sullivan for a long time refused to consider the matter, but Ryan's friends boasted so much that the Boston giant finally agreed to make the match.

At Hunter's Point a place made famous of late years by pool-selling, dog and cock fighting, and other sporting events, was the scene of a rattling prize or rather glove contest on November 17. The principals were Billy Mulhall, the boss middleweight of Queens county, N. Y., and Billy Hussey, who comes from a scrapping family. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$100. A large crowd of sporting men were present, having assembled to see Mulhall and Gus Heitner fight for \$100. Mulhall had defeated Heitner before ten rounds, and this was to be a sort of return match, but Heitner refused to fight at the eleventh hour, and Hussey took his place. In the first round both pugilists seemed to be afraid to approach each other, and, after considerable sparing which would have done credit to Sullivan or Mae, Hussey got a left-hander on Mulhall's right cheek. Mulhall returned the blow with his right on Hussey's mouth, knocking him against the ropes. Hussey regained his feet in time to get a right-hander on Mulhall's nose, flooring him and getting first blood and first knock down.

In the second round Mulhall's eyes and nose showed evidence of the force of Hussey's blows. Mulhall was the first to lead off, getting a very neat right-hander on Hussey's forehead, the sound of which could be heard all over the large hall. Hussey clinched with Mulhall, and some severe thumping was given and received on both sides, until the referee called out "draw," when they separated and retired to their corners.

In the third round Hussey had the best of the fighting, and punished Mulhall terribly about the face, and finally fought him down. It was evident that Hussey would win, as Mulhall was holding signals of distress.

In the fifth round, when time was called, Hussey was the first to come to the scratch, and his opponent reluctantly followed. He fought wildly, receiving all the punishment until a sledge-hammer blow on his left jaw again brought him to the dust. Here he remained until assisted to a room nearby, where he was attended by a physician.

Hussey was declared the winner in twenty minutes. When the vanquished man reached his home at Hunter's Point, he presented a horrible appearance. His nose is three times its natural size and his face is terribly scratched. Hussey escaped with a few marks.

Prof. L. P. Stubbs, the pet of the Houston and Bleecker street fancy, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Nov. 22, and left the following card about his mill with Albert May:

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

As several papers have misrepresented the ending of my glove fight at Allen's American Mabille, with Albert May, I wish to say that, as every one who was present knows, I had the best of it all the way through, received no stunning blows, never went down, punished my opponent severely, and was anything but satisfied with the conduct and decision of the referee, Jack Flies, and that of the timekeeper, Bob Farrell. Had time been properly kept, May would have gone out of time the second round. I threw off the gloves because he twice clinched and used the most vicious efforts of his ebbing strength to bite my nose. It was a put-up job, and I was forewarned of it. This is a part of the tactics of the song-and-dance sparring. A square, manly trial of pluck, skill and endurance is something outside their programme.

L. P. STUBBS.

The sparring tournament, under the management of Jim McVeigh, was held at the Bellevue House, Cincinnati, on Nov. 14.

It being the opening night considerable time was lost in arranging preliminaries, and it was fully 9 o'clock before Mike O'Brien, the referee, mounted the stage and announced that the introductory set-to of the evening would be between Peter G. Kelly and James Higgins. This was merely a volunteer affair, and the contestants did nothing beyond giving each other a few friendly tips. Two lads rigged up in the regular regalia of the prize ring next entered the ring. They were introduced as Little Reddy and Little King. The juveniles gave a very clever exhibition of the many art, and were applauded to the echo. Their two rounds and a wind-up were characterized by hard slugging, and the fine counters, graceful movements

and sharp taps given by each of the youngsters, showed that, while young in years, they were not novices in the use of their hands by any means. Little King, who is a son of King, the "Humming Bird," took the offensive throughout, and did well, although his opponent scored more good, clear hits.

Mike Smith and Bob Kelly followed with the wind-up under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, a stop or knock-out of one of the contestants inside of four rounds to decide the match. This was a rattling hard set-to from the outset, and both the men seemed determined on winning. They were attired in ring costume, and Smith had a little the advantage in height.

When the word was given the men let go viciously at each other. Smith aimed most of his blows at Kelly's head, and the latter made a mark of Smith's "bread basket," although he did not forget the face of his opponent. It was "bliss, bang" from the start, and it was more of a good old time slugging match than exhibition of science. The men locked several times, and were separated by the referee. Smith finally chased Kelly into his corner, but the latter, by a great rally, ran him back, and beat him to the ropes, nearly knocking him over to the floor, several feet below. Smith got out of his predicament, and after a little cautious sparring, time on the first round was called.

The second round and the last one was short and decisive. Both led out viciously, but soon locked and were separated. They stood for an opening, when suddenly Kelly reeled and was on the point of falling. Smith evidently thought he was making a feint and struck him two hard blows, and down he went on the platform and nearly rolled off on the floor. He was in a dead faint, and water had to be poured on his face to revive him. He was in no condition to continue, and the match was declared in favor of Smith.

Kelly's sudden sickness in the ring was more than likely the result of heart disease. He was game, and wanted to continue the fight, but the referee would not let him as he looked weak.

## TWO HOMES BROKEN UP.

A Giddy Husband Leaves a Young Bride to Elope with his Friend's Wife.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Joseph Fell is at present very badly wanted by the police of Philadelphia in general and by Mr. Robert Hamilton, a rich saloon keeper, in particular. The fact is, that Mr. Fell has run away with Mr. Hamilton's wife, and that Mr. Hamilton is desirous of revenging himself. Hamilton, it seems, made Fell's acquaintance in Ireland while Hamilton was on a visit to that country with his wife. Fell, who was an iron worker, took passage in the same ship with the couple when they returned. He went to live with them in Philadelphia, and for a while he was regarded as one of the family. About two years ago Mr. Hamilton began, as the boys say, "to smell a large mite." He saw that which caused him to suspect Fell of too great intimacy with Mrs. Hamilton. So he ordered him to leave the house, which Fell declined to do. He was in comfortable quarters. The boarding was good, the lodging was excellent, and he was a favorite with the mistress of the house. It would be a very silly young man that would willingly vacate such pleasant quarters. As Fell would not go for the asking, Mr. Hamilton called in the aid of the police, and had the interloper arrested. No criminal offence could be proven against him, so that he escaped with a simple holding over, not to annoy Robert Hamilton any more.

Now comes the unaccountable part of Hamilton's good nature. Although he had, or thought he had, so much reason to be jealous of Fell, yet he permitted him to visit his house, No. 813 Noble street, where Hamilton had a liquor business. Fell came "to and fro, backward and forward." About this time Hamilton engaged in the building of a new house on a lot which he had bought at Buttonwood and Ninth streets. This called him away from Noble street a large portion of his time, and Fell had abundant opportunity to enjoy the society of Mrs. Annie, and if the story told be true, he seems to have improved his facilities to the utmost.

Last June Fell made the acquaintance of a young lady named Miss Lizzie Graves and married her, but this did not prevent him the other day from giving his young and beautiful wife the clean shake, eloping with Mrs. Hamilton. The outraged husband has got his shotgun into working order, and woe betide Fell if he falls into his clutches.

## A REMARKABLE SCENE.

A very remarkable scene occurred in the Circuit Court at St. Joseph, Mo., ten days ago during the investigation of one of the branches of the Nave divorce case. After much testimony had been taken the Court announced an adjournment. For a few minutes previous the spectators had been noticing that the defendant, Mrs. Mary B. Nave, was very much excited. She was engaged in a whispered talk with Mr. Ramey, one of her counsel, and that gentleman was expressing a vigorous opposition to the proposition she was making in a pantomimic way. Suddenly Mrs. Nave jumped up from her chair, and started to the place where her husband, Abram Nave, was still sitting. Mr. Ramey caught her by the wrist, and was endeavoring to deter her from doing as she intended. He began to talk earnestly to the now thoroughly excited woman. She replied vigorously. She jerked her wrist out of his grasp, then struck him with her fan, and almost shouted: "I will! I must! I can't help it!" Then she broke away from her lawyer, and ran around the table to the place where Mr. Nave was sitting. The latter had taken no notice of the scene thus far. The lady stepped behind her husband's chair, bent over him, placed her arms around his neck, and in a loud pleading tone she begged him to let all legal proceedings between them come to an end. "Do so," she almost shrieked, "for your sake, for mine and for that of my child. Let us be friends again. All this trouble and annoyance can end right here, if you wish it. Will you do so?" The old man never looked up, nor turned to his wife. For answer he bowed his head, leaned on the table and seemed to be weeping. Then he threw off the arms of his wife, which were still placed on his head. He rose to his feet and, without even looking at the weeping woman, moved toward the door. Mrs. Nave pleaded again. When she saw, however, that her husband was leaving without paying attention to her entreaties, she drew his arm through hers, and endeavored to leave the court room thus linked with him. He quietly but firmly released himself from her hold, and walked slowly away. The scene caused the greatest excitement among the spectators.

## A FIEND'S LIGHT SENTENCE.

The Author of Four Bloody Murders Polished off with a Mere Life Sentence.

A few months ago two negroes named Harrison Thomas and Charles Belford obtained employment near Apalachicola, Fla., as choppers in the lumber camp of Jesse Boynton. Boynton left the camp for a few days, and when he returned Belford was missing. Thomas professed ignorance as to his whereabouts. A few weeks later a bleached skeleton was discovered in a small pond near the camp. It was identified as that of Belford, Thomas' missing companion. The murderer's trial has just been completed, and furnishes one of the most astounding chapters in criminal history. Thomas confessed that he dealt Belford a blow on the back of the head with an axe, nearly cleaving the skull in twain. He then hitched a yoke of oxen to the murdered man's bleeding body and thus had it dragged into the pond for hiding. He intended to decapitate his victim, but the latter stirred as the axe was descending. The two men had married sisters, and Thomas thought that if he killed his brother-in-law both women would live with him.

The most astounding part of the confession is yet to come, however. For years the county has been the scene of murders, which were so mysteriously executed that their perpetrator was not detected. Thomas' story unlocks them all. When the prisoner was 12 years of age his mother left him one day in charge of his younger brother, while she went to a neighboring plantation to work. vexed at the child's persistent crying, Thomas beat out its brains with a billet of wood and cremated the body in the open fireplace on a pile of blazing logs. When the mother returned and inquired after the child's whereabouts the young murderer pointed to the sickening, odoriferous sight in the fireplace, and said:

"There is the son of a b—. He bothered me, and I killed him and threw him into the fire."

The mother fainted, but parental love saved the criminal by hiding the crime. In 1871 Thomas outraged a mulatto girl of 14 years, and after cutting her throat with a large bladed pocketknife buried the body in the woods, where it remained secreted until two years later, when some woodsmen came across the mound, and on digging it up found the girl's crumpling remains. In 1873 Thomas literally cut Enoch Dawson, another colored man, into bits with a knife, and narrowly escaped hanging for this crime. He was arrested and tried, but through the shrewdness of his lawyer was acquitted by the jury, many of whom were negroes and were influenced by race prejudice. In 1878 he chopped off a man's arm, and, though the victim is still living, Thomas escaped punishment.

For the murder of Belford the criminal escapes with a life sentence to the chain gang, but his desperate nature makes the completion of the sentence rather doubtful, as he will probably effect an escape, unless he loses his life in the attempt. The leniency of the sentence excites unfavorable comment, and a visit from Judge Lynch would not be surprising.

## SCALDING HOT LOVE MAKING.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A divorce case in Tarrytown, N. Y., has brought out the fact that a prominent hotel keeper got literally into hot water by his too marked attention to another man's wife. The little episode occurred on Sunday evening, Nov. 18. The outraged and indignant husband in the case is Mr. John Costello, of the firm of Shanahan & Costello, and the gay Lothario is Mr. James Shelley.

Mr. Costello's account of the affair, given to a reporter, is as follows:

"Hearing voices within as I was about to enter my house," said Mr. Costello, "I listened and heard my wife say sweetly:

"Oh, Jim, you're a ducky darling. I wonder where Jack is, the beggar! I wish he'd stay away, altogether."

"This was enough to set my passions leaping," continued Mr. Costello, "and rushing into the house I found Shelly seated in a large armchair, with my wife in his embrace. Her head rested quite gracefully on his shoulder and they were looking into each other's eyes like turtle doves, when I interrupted their fun."

Mr. Costello added that he ran to the kitchen and found a kettle of water boiling on the stove. Grasping it he flew back to the room where he had surprised his wife and found her coolly bidding Shelley an affectionate good-night. Raising the kettle he dashed its contents over the pair.

Mr. Shelley, it is said, was not much scalded, and gently thrusting the unfaithful wife aside he pitched into Mr. Costello and gave him a thrashing. Mr. Shelley, it is further alleged, then escaped from the house, as did the fair one, and ran up the street pursued by the infuriated husband, who had gathered friends as he bolted along, and they joined him in the chase.

Meanwhile Mrs. Costello, who is a handsome young woman, also left the house of her liege lord

## FOUR VICTIMS.

A Wealthy Farmer of Michigan and his Family Slaughtered.

A terrible tragedy occurred at Barton, a small town about seven miles southwest of Jackson, Mich., on Nov. 21. Jacob D. Crouch, a wealthy farmer, living in the place, was found dead in his bed. A farm hand, who was out all night, made the discovery when he returned in the morning. A search of the house revealed the fact that Mrs. Ennial White, the old man's daughter, his son-in-law, Henry White, and a cattle drover, Moses Palley, had also been murdered. The bodies were all found in bed perforated with bullets. There was not the slightest sign of a struggle about the premises, and the household valuables were untouched.

It appears that Moses Palley, the cattle drover, had been in the habit of coming to this portion of Michigan to purchase cattle, and usually brought with him large sums of money. He reached here yesterday, and while here displayed considerable money. It was known that he had over \$5,000 on his person. The only plausible theory of the murder is that the murderers witnessed the display of money yesterday, and followed Palley to Barton, and committed the terrible crime to aid them in securing the money. Palley was a personal friend of Crouch, and stopped with him for the night. The crime has created the most intense excitement ever known in that region of the country.

Crouch was 74 years old, his daughter was 33 years old, Henry White was 38 years old, and Palley was 26 years old. All had been shot through the head, just behind the ear. It is supposed that they had been chloroformed first, as no signs of a struggle appeared, each victim lying as if asleep, and the odor of chloroform was noticeable when the bodies were discovered. Mrs. White was also shot through the left arm. No clew to the perpetrators of the butchery has been discovered, although tracks around the house indicate that a guard was placed on watch while the terrible tragedy was being enacted within. Mr. Crouch was owner of an extensive sheep ranch in Texas. It is rumored that he had just received about \$5,000 from Texas in payment of sales made on the ranch. The bankers here state that no money was deposited with them by Mr. Crouch, and it is presumed the money referred to was in Mr. Crouch's possession. He had just come from Texas with the \$5,000 mentioned, for the purpose of buying blooded stock. One theory is that Palley was followed from Texas by the murderer or murderers for the purpose of robbery.

A young girl, an adopted daughter of Mr. White, and an 18 year old negro, who were sleeping in apartments up stairs, say they heard no firing, although the negro says he heard a thumping noise about the middle of the night, and thought it was caused by a fierce wind which was blowing at the time. Hundreds of persons have flocked to the scene of the murders.

Mr. Crouch was worth about \$2,000,000. He owned property in Jackson county and sheep ranches near Fort Worth, Tex. He leaves two sons and a daughter. A pocketbook containing \$105 and a certificate of deposit for \$500 was found on a window sill in Mr. White's room. An empty box, which had contained cartridges of 32-calibre, was found in Boles' room.

## FLEEING JAIL BIRDS.

Thomas Blake and Edward Goehring, both noted thieves, made their escape from the Riverside penitentiary, near Pittsburgh, Pa., some time during the night of Nov. 19. The plans for escape were prepared so quietly and carried out so skilfully that the absence of Blake was not discovered until 1 o'clock the next morning, while the officers were in ignorance of Goehring's departure until several hours later. It is believed that there was an understanding between Blake and Goehring; and that the latter, who was a half boy, made use of the slight freedom allowed him to prepare for their escape. Goehring had his cell just as the other prisoners, but was never locked up at night until the prisoners were supplied with water, which is about the last thing done before the officers go off watch. From his position he could have more opportunity to see how an escape could be accomplished, and, as the result shows, made good use of his time.

While making their rounds about 1 o'clock the patrol discovered a ladder standing against the wall, and an alarm was immediately sounded, and upon investigation a dummy was found in Goehring's bed. Blake was doing a five years' sentence for boldly snatching \$1,800 from Cashier Long, of Hubbard, Bakewell & Co.'s mill. The theft was perpetrated at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and on one of our principal thoroughfares. Goehring was a Chicago thief, and was known as the Chicago crank. He was under a three years' sentence for robbery.

## FOUL PLAY FEARED.

Wilkesbarre and vicinity hast just been startled by the news of the disappearance of a young girl under circumstances that leave little doubt of foul play. Within the past week two atrocious murders have been committed in this usually peaceable county. On the morning of the 19th ult. Annie Milligan, about 13 years of age, residing in Mill Hollow, a suburb of this city, was sent by her father to Kingston, three miles distant, to pay some bills. She carried over \$65 in money. Though so young she had often been sent on similar errands. She reached Kingston in safety, paid some of the bills, and started home with about \$20 still in her possession. When last seen she was walking down the road to Mill Hollow. Late in the afternoon, alarmed at her prolonged absence, her father came to Kingston, and on learning the facts, started with some friends to look for her. The search was in vain, however, though carried on till late at night. Her parents and friends are almost distracted. The road the girl had to travel is a very lonely one. It has been the scene of robberies and assaults, and upon a bridge which she would have to cross the atrocious murder of John Clear was perpetrated a few days before the girl's disappearance.

## ALMOST CUT OFF HER HEAD.

Samuel Henry killed his wife at Swanton, Ohio, on the 19th ult., and attempted to kill her daughter. He then cut his own throat. It appears that Henry lived unhappily with his wife. He accused her of unfaithfulness and abused her shamefully. On the day in question, he had a serious quarrel with her and she threatened to have him arrested, whereupon he seized an axe and attacked her. Her daughter by her first marriage, Mrs. John Liba, in attempting to stop him, received a terrible gash across her head and arm. He then struck his wife a blow which nearly severed her head from her body. He then cut his own throat with a razor and died in a few minutes. Mrs. Liba is seriously injured, but she may recover.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANOTHER GREAT SERIES.  
ON THE FLY.

## Lively Loosenesses Lassoed on the Wing.

## More Light Shed on the Inside Life of the Great Metropolis.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS,  
No. 34, Out Dec. 1. Price 5 Cents.

R. W. V. He is forced to accept and play his cards.

F. S. C. Fountain Gem Club, Brooklyn.—"A" wins.

P. M. Eighth avenue, city.—The book is out of print.

J. H. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—We cannot advertise firms gratis.

C. H. B., Boston, Mass.—Prof. Webster was hung Aug. 30, 1850.

W. B., Homestead, Pa.—The Derby has been run annually since 1780.

W. M., Altoona, Pa.—Heenan and Sayers fought on April 17, 1860.

D. A., Baltimore, Md.—The length of an Irish mile is 2,240 yards.

W. D. C., Springfield, N. Y.—Letters and picture arrived safely.

E. F., Chicago, Ill.—Vanderbilt is the wealthiest man in the country.

H. P., Kansas City.—Lady Suffolk trotted 161 races, winning 88, losing 73.

H. K. J., Warrenton, Mo.—Five sixes cannot be beaten in poker dice.

P. B., Chicago, Ill.—The great fire at Washington broke out Dec. 15, 1836.

P. O., Fall River, Mass.—Barry Sullivan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824.

M. Fairmount, West Va.—Slade claims that his father was born in Ireland.

E. J. D., Brooklyn.—Consult Hiram Howe, Prospect Park, Gravesend, L. I.

D. S., Black Rock, N. Y.—Bill Darts flourished as champion of England in 1764.

M. D., Big Rapids, Mich.—We don't know where you could procure the book.

G. W. C., Missouri City, Mo.—Frederick Hollick, No. 132 Broadway, New York city.

S. W., Chicago, Ill.—Fred. Archer, the English jockey, was born January 11, 1856.

STAKEHOLDER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The man who bet that "A" would be elected wins.

W. M., Braintree, Mass.—The Heenan and Sayers fight ended in a draw. 2. In England.

W. H. G., Cylon, Wis.—Send 30 cents and we will forward the "Life of John L. Sullivan."

H. H., New York.—If you want to enter the Navy apply at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MATT GAFFNEY, Cour D'Aleene, I. T.—Thanks for information. Send pictures of sporting men.

W. G., Port Huron.—Harry Maynard does hold that title and never fought for it. 2. No. 3. Yes.

J. Z., New York.—Write to Arthur Chambers, 922 Ridge Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. He can inform you.

C. G., La Crosse, Wis.—Send on his photograph and record, and we will publish it in the POLICE GAZETTE.

E. P. C., New York.—The Metropolitan baseball players play for gate money and are professionals. 2. No.

G. H., Rochester, N. Y.—A trotting horse and running mate is not the proper meaning of the term, a double team.

A. R., Cheboygan, Mich.—Send 50 cents and we will forward you a book containing the information you ask for.

W. B. C., Sandy Hill, N. Y.—Send on photograph and record, and we will publish same in the POLICE GAZETTE.

A. A., Lexington.—Peter Morris fought ten times in the ring, winning nine battles and making a draw of the tenth.

W. C., Portsmouth.—Peter Croker, the pugilist, was born at Leicester, England. 2. He never fought Billy Edwards.

D. S., Peoria, Ill.—Ned Price stands 5 ft 10 1/2 in, and he generally fights at 155 lbs. 2. No, not that we know.

J. L. S., Auburn, N. Y.—Barney Aaron and Sam Collyer fought twice. Collyer won the first battle and Aaron the second.

H. H., Iowa, Ia.—Charles Norton does not intend visiting the Pacific coast. 2. He keeps a sporting house in Newark. 3. No.

K. F., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—The portrait of the Rev. Dr. Monck appeared in No. 5 of the Week's Doings, price by mail 50c.

X. Y. Z., Laurel, Del.—The Rev. H. H. Hayden had a second trial for the murder of Mary Stannard, and the jury disagreed.

G. E., Albany, N. Y.—Tom Sayers' arm was badly contused, but not broken, in his great battle with John C. Heenan. 2. No.

G. H., New Brunswick—Weston, when he walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago, started from the Preble House in the former city.

H. M., Washington, D. C.—Paddy Ryan and Joe Goss fought at Collier's Station June 1, 1860. 2. Ryan won in 87 rounds. 3. Yes.

A CONSTANT READER, New Port, Ark.—Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson, the owners of "Jumbo," say he was never measured.

W. S., Boston, Mass.—Col. James Fisk was shot in the abdomen on the stairway of the Grand Central Hotel, New York, Jan. 6, 1872.

M. W., Cheyenne.—Marsden was the first English pugilist who fought Ned O'Baldwin, and the only man that ever defeated him.

J. T., Shirley Mills, Me.—No matter where the child is born, the parents being American citizens, he is eligible for the Presidency.

S. S., Detroit, Mich.—Country McCloskey's right name was George McChester. 2. He stood 6 feet in height and weighed 180 lbs.

M. S., Boston, Mass.—Geo. Seward, the American, ran 100 yards in 9 1/4s in England. 2. Heenan only fought once with Tom Sayers.

E. R. W., New London, Conn.—Hard gloves were used when John L. Sullivan knocked Elliott out, at Washington Park, N. Y., on July 4, 1862.

J. H. S., Wyoming.—John Brougham, the actor, did play in a New York and a Philadelphia theatre the same night. 2. It was on Nov. 13, 1856.

BARBER AND B., Wellsville, N. Y.—B by winning the last game gets clear of his liability, whereas A is stuck for all the games and drinks.

M. A., Wheeling, Va.—Horace W. Tabor, the mining millionaire and ex-lieutenant governor of Colorado in 1856, was a stonecutter at Augusta, Ga., in 1854.

M. S., Hoosick Falls, N. Y.—Gen. Geo. B. McClellan was removed in 1862. 2. He was appointed commander of the Union army in November, 1861.

L. S., Fort Saunders.—1. Ned Searles, of Sing Sing, N. Y., the ex-champion jumper, is dead. 2. He could jump 14 ft. 3. His best record was 13 ft 5 1/2 in.

D. A., Bay City, Mich.—Mike McDonald, of Chicago, Ill., never gave bonds for Paddy Ryan after the latter defeated Joe Goss in West Virginia, and A wins.

J. F. C., Holyoke, Mass.—We don't publish challenges unless accompanied by a forfeit. 2. Your picture will be published as soon as opportunity permits.

W. H. H., 207 West Twenty-first street.—John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan met in the ring Feb. 7, 1862. Nine rounds were fought, lasting eleven minutes.

D. M., Utica, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, did undertake to knock Tug Wilson out of time in four rounds. Marquis of Queensberry rules. 2. Yes, he failed to do so.

S. G., Brownsville, Texas.—Joe Wormall arrived in this city on Aug. 4, 1869. 2. Jim Mace and Joe Goss first sparred together in this city in 1875, at the circus in the oil aquarium.

AN OLD READER, New York.—Manhattan Athletic club, Fifty-

eighth street and Madison avenue; Williamsburg Athletic club, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Metropolitan Athletic club, New York city.

A. B. C., Gilman, Iowa.—At the glove contest between John L. Sullivan and Tug Wilson, at Madison Square Garden, New York, Tug Wilson did not knock Sullivan down, and you win.

HOWE, Windsor hotel, New York.—Featherweight up to and including 112 lbs, lightweight 113 lbs to and including 133 lbs, middleweight 134 lbs and upward.

A SUBSCRIBER, Tremont, Pa.—1. Tom Sayers died November 8, 1865, of congestion of the lungs. 2. Sayers did fight Bob Brettle, on September 20, 1859. 3. Sayers won in 7 rounds, lasting 15 minutes.

D. M., Bordentown, N. J.—Maud S. got her name from being a pet of Maud Stone, the little daughter of Capt. Stone, of Cincinnati, who first discovered the merits of the wonderful Que n of the Turf.

J. H. S., Shelbyville, Ky.—1. The limits of the different fighting weights are as follows: featherweights, up to 112 lbs; lightweights, 133 lbs; middleweight, 134 lbs; heavyweights, all above 154 lbs.

H. M., Baltimore, Md.—1. Paddy Ryan was born March 15, 1853, at Thurles, County Tipperary, Ireland. 2. When Jim Mace fought Bob Travers, the "Black," he was seconded by Bob Tyler and Jack Hicks.

H. M., Baltimore, Md.—2. The champion belt for which Heenan and Sayers fought April 17, 1860, was the same that Wm. Perry, the "Tipperary Slasher," and Tom Sayers contested for, therefore B loses. 2. No.

R. E., Trenton, N. J.—1. "Tug" Wilson (better known as Joe Collins) did recently fight a draw with Alf Greenfield, and the latter's arm was broken. 2. He don't care about this though. 3. No; that we know of.

C. A., Richmond, Va.—At Staffordshire in 1861, Jackie killed 25 rats in 1 min 28s; on July 8, 1862, he killed 50 rats in 3m 16s; on May 1, 1862, he killed 100 rats in 5m 28s, the shortest time on record, and 1,000 in 1 hr 4m.

H. H. Lowell, Mass.—1. A middleweight pugilist can fight for the heavyweight championship of America. 2. George Roche is heavy enough to fight any man in the world. 3. Roche did challenge Joe Coburn in California.

HUGH C., Fort Bidwell, Cal.—Bob Brierly, in the "Ticket of Leave Man," is one of Wm. J. Florence's favorite characters. He has probably acted it in every principal city in the United States during the last twenty years.

S. S. S., Farwell, Mich.—1. Sayers was never beaten by Bob Brettle. 2. Sayers beat Brettle Sept. 20, 1859, in 7 rounds, fought on record, and 2,000.

J. K., Cincinnati, Ohio.—1. Bowell's share of gate money in the first six-day contest for the Astley belt in New York was \$18,398.31 and not \$20,000. 2. His second share of gate money in the contest for the Astley belt was \$19,500. 3. Yes.

HAPPY JACK, Cadillac, Mich.—Billy Madden was never engaged as a regular bartender for Tom Allen, although he worked for him three or four months in 1872, teaching boxing and making himself generally useful around the house.

W. W. W., Farwell, Mich.—Johnny Roche and Johnny Newell, the former of New York and the latter of Pittsburg, seconded Sam Collyer when he fought Billy Kelly for \$2,000 and the lightweight championship of Strickland, Pa., Nov. 27, 1867.

J. K., Augusta, Ga.—There is no such provision made. After the men sign articles to contend in any contest, and one or the other is attacked with sickness and unable to compete, the party failing to carry out the agreement forfeits the money.

DEC. 8, 1883.

**Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.**

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert is one of the best actresses in her line on the English or American stage. Like James Lewis, she has anchored in the Daly company, where her performances are annually admired by thousands.

**Charles Wyndham.**

Charles Wyndham is an English actor. He is also a diplomat. When he is down South he claims to have been a surgeon in the Confederate army. In the North he advertises that he was connected with the Union forces in the same capacity. The prevalent impression is that all he knows about war and surgery wouldn't take a day to tell. But he is a good actor, has a good company, and makes money.

**Snatched from the Grave.**

Mrs. Mollie Minton died recently in Carr township near Bridgeport, Ind., and when her remains were interred a scene took place at the grave. Deceased left a child, and her request was that it be taken charge of by her father, James Stewart. The child had a legacy from its father of \$1,000, and it seems that this was the root of the trouble. George Waggoner, another relative of the child, also wanted to take care of it. So after the conclusion of the services he seized the child and started for his wagon, which was near by. Mr. Stewart resisted and a fight ensued in which everybody became involved. Waggoner, however, came out triumphant and carried off the child in spite of the protests of the other party. Legal proceedings are to be instituted for the possession of the child, and an interesting law-suit may be looked for.

George Waggoner is the brother of the former husband of the lady, and seized the child, Rosie, aged about six, when she was set down to take a parting look at her dead mother, the coffin having been opened for that purpose. The fight which followed left only one man and woman to attend to the burial, and the combatants left the coffin standing upon stools in the cemetery. All the parties engaged in the disgraceful affair are to be indicted.



SNATCHED FROM THE GRAVE.

THE ABDUCTION OF A CHILD WHILE ATTENDING HER MOTHER'S FUNERAL, AT BRIDGEPORT, IND., AND THE LIVELY LITTLE RACKET THAT IT CAUSED AMONG THE MOURNERS.

**A Social Scandal in Ohio.**

A highly sensational suit began at Bellaire, Ohio, on November 22. All the parties interested have heretofore moved in the wealthiest circles of society. The suit is for \$25,000, and is brought by Dr. J. D. Hobensack, of Martin's Ferry, against Lavosier Spence, proprietor of the largest implement and machine works in Eastern Ohio and one of the wealthiest men in the country. The charge is for alienating the affections of his wife. The lady in the case is a beautiful young brunette, connected with some of the best people in the county. Previous to the filing of the papers in the suit against Spence she had filed her papers for a divorce, charging the doctor with infidelity, but this case was set back by the judge, so that in hearing the case for damages he might have a thorough insight into the causes of this domestic imbroglio. About fifty witnesses have been subpoenaed.

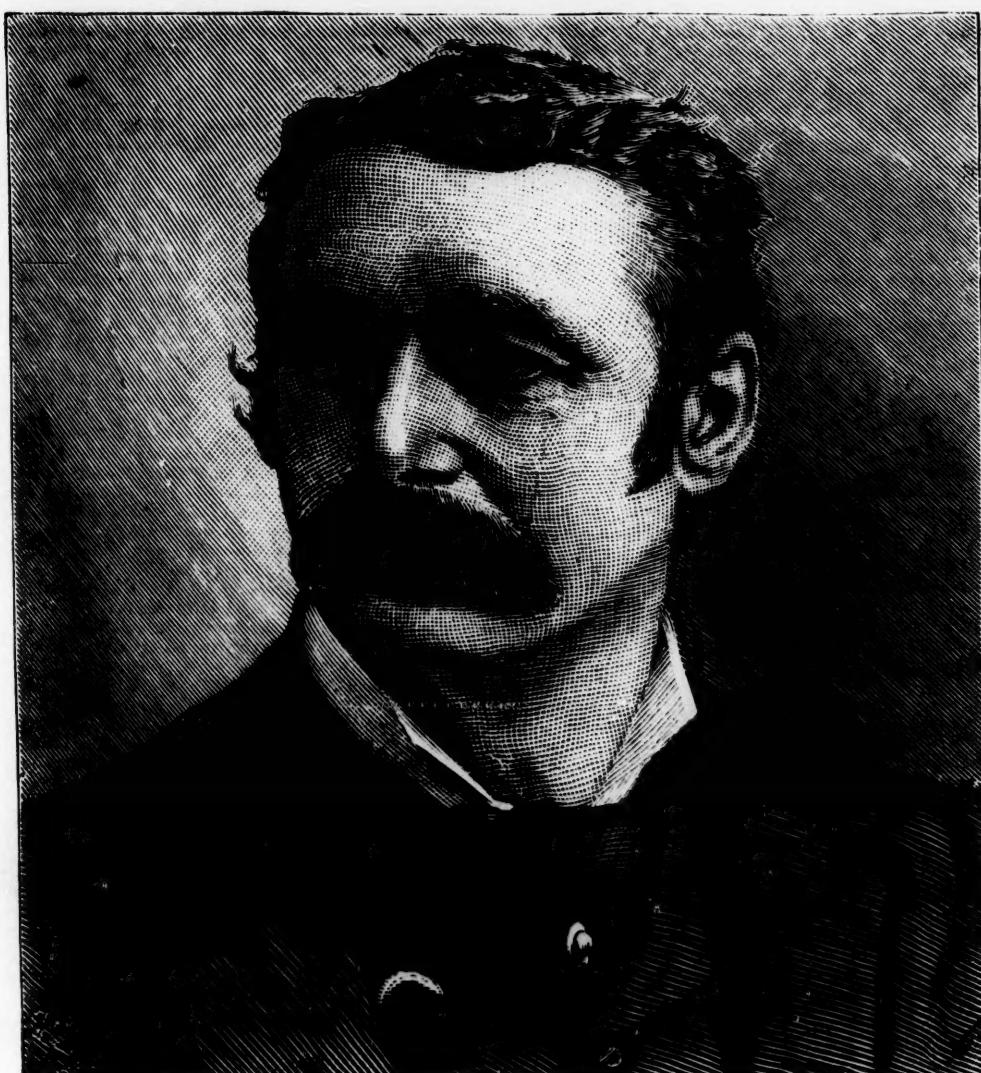
The case is attracting more attention than any case that has been tried in the county for years on account of the prominent standing of the parties concerned.

**The Female Husband.**

Interest in the career of Frank Dubois, of Waupun, Miss., whose portrait we published a few weeks ago, has been revived by a letter from a prominent physician of Belvidere Ill. Frank Dubois married Gertie Fuller sometime ago, and there has been a suspicion since that Dubois belongs to the gentler sex, and one Sam Hudson had the temerity to claim Frank as his lawful wife. The Belvidere physician declares that there can be little doubt as to the sex of Frank Dubois, as he attended her during her confinement, when she was known as Mrs. Sam Hudson. Since the matter has been given so much publicity, Gertie Fuller has sought the

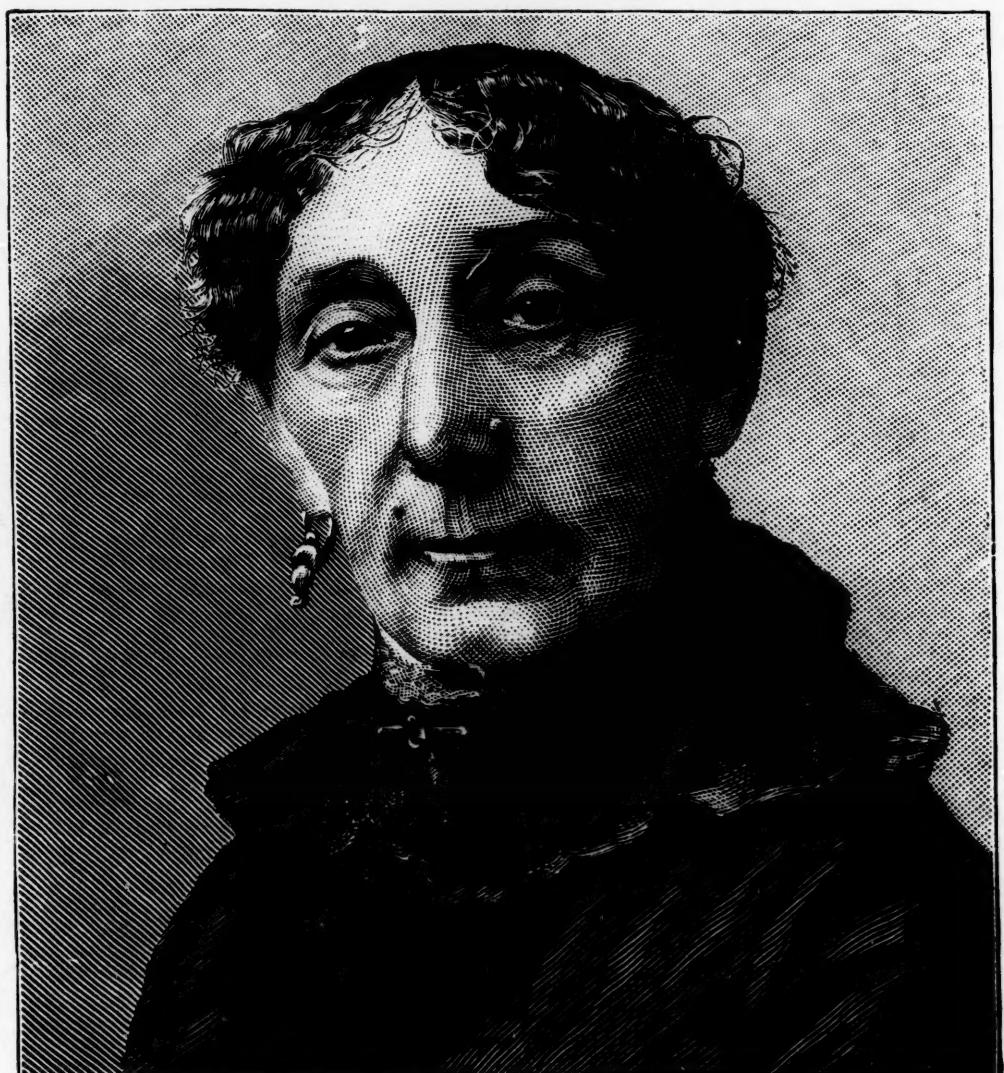
nation. It developed into a fight. Presently Wilbert's brother came up and handed him a penknife. As he did so Reed pulled out a knife and they made several lunges at each other. The duel became fierce and lasted twenty minutes. Several of the boys then came and separated the combatants, but before they could do so Wilbert had succeeded in cutting his opponent in the side, penetrating the left lung. There are no chances of Reed's recovery.

EX-POLICE CAPT. SHERIDAN was arraigned in the City Court, New Haven, on the 20th inst., on the charge of embezzlement. The amount alleged to have been embezzled was \$2,16. The prisoner, by the advice of counsel, declined to plead to the charge, and he was found guilty and sentenced by Judge Denning to ten days' imprisonment. The defendant appealed to the Superior Court, where the case will be heard at January term. He was admitted to bail in \$175.



CHARLES WYNDHAM.

[Photo by Bulk.]



MRS. G. H. GILBERT.

[Photo by Sarony.]

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

seclusion of her sister's home, and her "husband" holds aloof from the awakened wrath of "his" mother-in-law, who insists that whatever "he" is "he" ought to be arrested.

**Method in her Madness.**

Mrs. Cynthia Harshman has just been placed in an insane asylum at Eaton, Ohio. She told Mrs. Mary Overholtz, a widow in moderate circumstances, that she would secure her a husband with \$50,000 if she would give up her home and furniture to her (Mrs. Harshman). The widow, who is of weak intellect, conceded, and Mrs. Harshman proceeded to sell the furniture and pocket the proceeds. She then secured her husband's life insurance papers and put arsenic in his whiskey, which he drank with his meals. Harshman discovered the drug immediately after taking it and called a physician at once. He lies in a very critical condition, and may not recover.

**Toddlers in a Duel.**

A quarrel arose between Frank Reed and Andy Wilbert, aged, respectively, eleven and ten years, on November 18, a short distance above Steubenville pike, in Charter's township, Pennsylvania. It developed into a fight. Presently Wilbert's brother came up and handed him a penknife. As he did so Reed pulled out a knife and they made several lunges at each other. The duel became fierce and lasted twenty minutes. Several of the boys then came and separated the combatants, but before they could do so Wilbert had succeeded in cutting his opponent in the side, penetrating the left lung. There are no chances of Reed's recovery.

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ANDREW A. GROME,

NOTED SPORTING MAN AND CITY RECORDER OF CENTRAL PUEBLO, COL.



ALONZO H. DANFORTH,

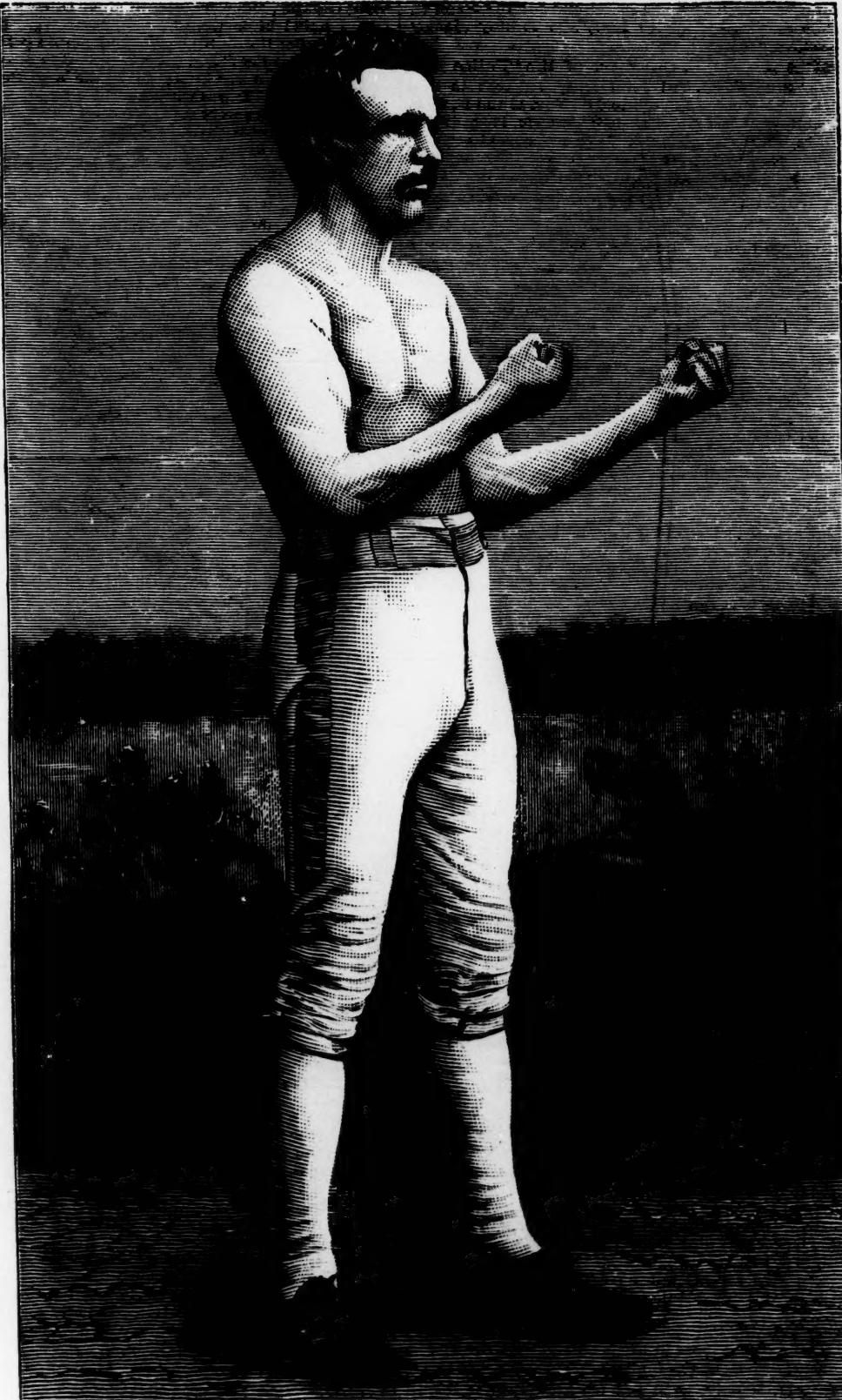
OF LAWRENCE, KANSAS, CELEBRATED TRAINER AND DRIVER OF TROTTING HORSES.

**James Fell.**

James Fell, champion middleweight of Rich Hill, Mo., was born in Cumberland, England, April 2, 1855. His first appearance in the ring was with Bill Iley, in the year of 1873, for a sum of money. The fight took place at Leed Gate, England, which fight he won in sixteen rounds, lasting forty minutes. His next battle was in 1881, when he fought Sam Griffes for £5 a side. The fight lasted one hour and thirty minutes and ended in a draw. He came to America in October, 1881, and settled at Rich Hill, Mo. He again entered the ring with Bill Grady in the beginning of the year 1882, who he defeated in five rounds, the fight lasting thirty minutes. In the same year he fought Jack McLaughlin, and won, the fight only lasting four rounds, in fifteen minutes. His next fight was with Tom McManus, for \$100 a side, in Kansas, the fight lasting twenty minutes, eight rounds being fought, when Fell punished his opponent so severely that he could not come to time. He afterwards fought Hugh McManus for \$200 a side. The fight lasted one hour and forty minutes, and McManus won on a foul, although Fell's friends claim that he fairly won the fight, as McManus would not stand up to fight. Fell is anxious to meet McManus again, and calls on him to cover the deposit now lying in the POLICE GAZETTE office to back up the challenge.

**A Battle with the Sea.**

Frank Cole, of Saco, Me., had a thrilling experience last Wednesday while returning to that town in a rowboat from the life saving station, where he had been duck hunting. A fierce northwestern gale was blowing, and there was a very heavy sea. Cole rounded East Point with great difficulty, then pulled in near the shore. Immediately after Cole rounded the point a large breaker came rolling in toward him and with great force the sea struck the boat, lifting the bow out of the water and knocking Cole fully ten feet away. He was dressed very heavily, and this impeded his motions to keep above water. He had on rubber boots, heavy underclothing, two thick woolen shirts, vest, with several shells in the pockets, a revolver that weighed a pound and a half, and seventy-five cartridges in another pocket, an outside coat, and over all he wore an oil suit. But, being an expert swimmer, he struck out and finally managed to regain the boat, which had upset, and reaching in, got hold of the centre-board box. Another heavy sea came dashing in at this moment and washed him away a few feet. He again swam and regained his hold on the boat. Capt. Goldthwaite was now on the shore watching him, and had signalled to the life saving station that something was wrong. He shouted to Cole to hold on to the boat, and the latter now thinks he heard him and that this must have encouraged him. A few seconds after he had regained the boat for the second time a huge wave, the biggest that had yet struck him, came and washed over him. For a short time nothing could be seen on shore of either man or boat. Cole had seen the wave coming, and taking a firm grip, had ducked his head and gone under. The wave just struck the top of his head, taking off his hat with the



JAMES FELL,

CHAMPION MIDDLEWEIGHT OF RICH HILL, MO.

[Photo by John Wood.]

same force as if he had been dealt a heavy blow with a club. A third wave took him ashore on the ledge and carried him out again. The fourth took him into water about breast high, and he let go his grip upon the boat and managed to get ashore. The next wave brought the boat near shore and Cole, with Capt. Goldthwaite's assistance, drew it out of the water.

Cole was taken to the life saving station, where he was rubbed down and provided with dry clothes. Mr. Cole has been accustomed to the water since a mere child and is an adept at handling boats.

**Alonzo H. Danforth.**

Mr. Alonzo H. Danforth, of Lawrence, Kansas, has been in the trotting horse business for fifteen years, having handled many in New England as well as in the West. The celebrated horse, J. B. Thomas, received all his education at this driver's hands, and had shown miles in 2:24 and halves in 1:10, over country half-mile tracks, before he passed out of his hands. Highland Gray was given his record of 2:28½ by this gentleman, and Robert Fulton, 2:27; Volunteer Belle, 2:26—on the ice 2:20; Lady Keys, 2:30½; Grapevine, 2:32; Wild Lilly, 2:24½, and twenty-two others with records between 2:30 and 2:40. Mr. Danforth is one of the most successful handlers in the West. With colts he is really unapproachable. He has broken several horses to drive to wagon without bridle or reins, governing them entirely with the whip. No man living has a greater desire to go to the front, and no man ever makes a gamier finish for that position. He has now several trotters that are quite speedy, and a pacer that can make a mile in 2:10.

**Andy A. Grome.**

Andrew A. Grome, the City Recorder of Central Pueblo, Col., is also a noted sporting man and proprietor of the "Police Gazette" Shades, which is now the headquarters of the sporting lions of Pueblo. Andy is well known all through Colorado. He is to be seen at every sporting event, and among the masses he is very popular. All the leading sporting papers are on file, and the POLICE GAZETTE can always be found at Grome's sporting house.

**A Post Robber.**

They are making a hero of "Black Bart," the stage robber, who has just been captured in San Francisco. He is known to have "held up" twenty-seven stages since 1871. He was tracked and caught through a laundryman's mark on a handkerchief that he dropped while hastening from the scene of his latest robbery. He is over 50 years of age. He was living in San Francisco, and was supposed to be a miner, whose business called him out of the city occasionally. They call him the poet robber, because he has always left at the scene of one of his exploits a slip of rhyme in a disguised handwriting, signed "Black Bart, Po 8." He wore a mask, and a flour sack over his head and an old long linen duster over his person. He has not taken human life. On the contrary, he is polite, exceedingly so to the lady passengers. His real name is unknown.

## SPORTING NEWS.

ANOTHER GREAT SERIES.  
ON THE FLY!Lively Loosenesses Lassoed on  
the Wing.MORE LIGHT SHED ON THE INSIDE LIFE  
OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 34, Out Dec. 1. Price 5 Cents.

HANLAN, accompanied by Geo. W. Lee, left  
Toronto, Ont., Nov. 14, for San Francisco, Cal.W. G. GEORGE was only 1m 9s covering the  
last lap of 501 yards in his two-mile race with Snook.H. D. COREY, of the Newton, Mass., Bicycle  
club, recently rode four miles in 15 minutes on the  
road.ELIAS C. LAYCOCK has opened the Dell's  
sporting house, at Woolloomooloo Bay, Sydney, Aus-  
tralia.LEE defeated W. R. Nally in a 125 yards foot-  
race, for \$100 a side, at St. Louis, Mo., November 11.  
Time, 12s.MIKE MCCOOL, the retired heavyweight pugil-  
ist, is lying ill with bilious fever at the Charity Hospi-  
tal, New Orleans, La.AZTEC, the speedy three-year-old, the prop-  
erty of Powers & Sons, valued at \$25,000, died at Lex-  
ington, Ky., Nov. 13, of lung disease.MCDERMOTT, the Australian pedestrian, is  
credited with having walked 50 miles in 8h 4m, at the  
Oldfellow's Hall, Goulburn, Sept. 8.The third race between George and Snook is  
likely to come off, Snook having had sufficient  
proof that George is a superior runner.DONALD DINNIE, the Scotch athlete, says that he  
will sail from San Francisco, Cal., for Australia  
during the latter part of the present month.ON the 17th inst., Yale and Columbia played a  
football match at the polo grounds, New York.  
Yale won, scoring 93 points to Columbia's 0.STEPHEN CULHANE, of Chicago, defeated Wal-  
ter Grand, of Ottawa, Ontario, in a 23-mile walking  
match, for \$25, at Winnipeg, Manitoba, Nov. 10, in 4h  
15m.AT Middletown, Conn., on the 19th inst., the  
Wesleyan University team defeated the University of  
Michigan eleven by two goals and a touchdown to two  
touchdowns.JIMMY MURRAY and his former antagonist,  
Robert Turnbull, are sparring together nightly at J. J.  
Flynn's Old House in the New Home, 103 Bowery,  
New York city.JOHN HICKMAN, the noted Bowery sporting  
man, states he will play any man in America a \$2,500  
"freeze-out," man and money ready at Morris & Hick-  
man's, 110 Bowery.IN practicing at 200 yards off shoulder, without  
sighting shots, Sergeant Edward Hovey made 228  
points out of possible 250, at Shell Mount Park, San  
Francisco, Cal., Nov. 4.ENDYMION, record 2:32, half brother to Jay-  
Eye-See, whose performances he is expected to equal,  
was on Nov. 17 bought from Mr. Easton, of Kentucky,  
by J. L. Case, for \$10,000.DURING a footrace at Lee Driving Park,  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on November 15, Wm. Surtees, of  
Pittston, and Alfred Jones, of Nanticoke, quarrelled,  
and Surtees fatally shot Jones.R. B. CLARK, who on November 3 defeated  
W. J. Morgan in a mile bicycle race at Beloit, Wis., in  
3m 52s, was beaten by the latter in a ten-mile spin at  
Rockford, Nov. 6. Time, 3m 28s.HOSMER, the oarsman, has been matched with  
Gallagher's unknown, of Boston, to walk ten miles  
square heel-and-toe, for \$300 a side. Meagher offers  
him 220 yards start in the same race.JOHN WAFFEN, for a wager of a dollar, drank  
fifteen glasses of whisky in as many minutes, at  
Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 15. He won the bet, but expired  
in terrible agony shortly afterward.PAT McIUGH, of Milwaukee, and D. H.  
Haughteling are to wrestle for \$500 and the champion-  
ship of Wisconsin, catch-as-catch-can, best two in  
three, between the 26th and 30th insts.W. G. GEORGE, the English amateur cham-  
pion, recently made another attempt to eat his own  
record, but failed. George, however, recently won a  
handicap, running the mile in 4m 25s-28s.WILLIAM RICE was defeated by Ed. Maloney  
in a go-as-you-please pedestrian contest, at Mount  
Lookout, Cincinnati, Ohio, November 15, covering 23  
miles in 3h 20m to Rice's 19 miles in the same time.W. SLATER AND J. Dean competed in a 10-mile  
running match, Dean receiving 440 yards start, for 875  
a side, at the Prince of Wales' grounds, London, Eng-  
land, Nov. 5. Slater won by 27 yards, in 1h 1m 12s.W. G. GEORGE recently made an attempt to  
beat the mile record, but the wind was blowing strong-  
ly and the track heavy, consequently he was unable  
to accomplish his task, but ran the distance in 4m  
25s-28s.ON Nov. 19, at Brighton Beach, during a race  
the horse Harry Mann stumbled and fell, and Delilah  
(the favorite) and Shelby Barnes fell over him. Askey,  
who rode Harry Mann, was badly hurt about the head  
and shoulders.THIS has been a great year for fast time and  
record breaking, both in running, trotting, jumping,  
etc. Not the least is the record broken by the POLICE  
GAZETTE whose circulation now exceeds 200,000. This  
record leads all others.F. W. WESTERVELT, C. E. Whipple and O. N.  
Whipple, of the Springfield Bicycle club, started from  
Springfield, Mass., Nov. 18, and rode to the United  
States Hotel, Boston, covering the distance, about 100  
miles, in 12h 30m, actual riding time.CHARLES REID, of Scranton, defeated George  
Givens, of Easton, Pa., in a pigeon match at the latter  
place on Nov. 14. Score, 19 to 16 out of 23 shot at. On  
the previous day Givens defeated Reid in a similar  
match. The stakes were \$200 a side on each match.A PRIZE fight for \$250 came off recently near  
Liverpool, England, between two men halting, re-  
spectively, from Warrington and Manchester, the  
Manchester man winning in 32 minutes, 16 rounds  
having been fought. The loser had two ribs broken.WM. ELLIOTT, the ex-champion sculler, has  
sent a cablegram to his backer, Mr. Schoff, who has  
sailed from Boston, Mass., for England, taking with  
him Elliott's new Ruddock-built shell and a pair of  
new sculls. Elliott has probably arranged a match.NOAH MANKINSON has posted a forfeit in  
Philadelphia and issued a challenge to match Fred.  
Rodgers, of Trenton, N. J., to run Kittleman,  
McComb, Johnson, Hurst, Smith, Quirk, Harmon, or  
any man in America, a 75 or 100 yards race for not less  
than \$250 a side.CAPT. MCLEHNNY, of San Francisco, Cal.,  
and Sergt. Seymour, of the United States Marine  
corps, shot a rifle match at Vallejo, Cal., on Nov. 4.  
Each man fired forty shots, and McLehnn made 100  
out of a possible 200. His opponent scored 165. The  
former winning by one point.ON the 17th inst., at Washington Park, Brook-  
lyn, the football teams of the Polytechnic Institute  
and the Adelphi club played a match game. The  
former was the heavier body, and had more skill than  
its antagonists, whom it defeated by a score of six  
goals and five touchdowns to nothing.ADVICES from Australia state that the accident  
sustained by Elias Laycock, the Australian  
sculler, on September 13, at Shark Island, N. S. W.,  
was caused by a large piece of rock upon which he had  
jumped giving way and falling upon his left leg, break-  
ing it just above the ankle, and bruising some of his  
toes.AT High Point, N. C., on Nov. 20, the deciding  
heat in the Members' Stakes between Mr. Thayer's  
Rue and Mr. Coster's Buckalew, was run, Rue winning  
after a close contest. After the first series in the  
All Aged Stakes had been run, rain stopped the day's  
work. The winners were Carrie J. Don, St. Elmo IV.,  
Rue and London.ARCHIE MC COMB says that if Kittleman or his  
backers are anxious to make a match, and will put up  
a forfeit in responsible hands making it an object for  
him to do so, he will go to California and run him a  
race. If not, McComb would like that Kittleman  
should stop using his name to gain a reputation going  
round the country engaging in "skin" races.DR. FRANK POWELL, of La Crosse, Wis., and  
Dr. George B. McClelland, of Texas, are prepared to  
arrange an all-round shooting match against any team  
of two men in the world, Wm. F. Cody only excepted,  
for any sum from \$500 to \$2,000 a side. Dr. Carver and  
associate preferred. A match can be arranged by ad-  
dressing communications to the POLICE GAZETTE  
office.PROF. JOHN WOODS, better known as Cockey  
Woods, is to be tendered a benefit at Union Hall, 475  
Ninth avenue. Woods is the puglist who on Dec. 5,  
1860, fought George King at Weehawken, N. J., and  
defeated him in fifty-six rounds. Woods was seconded  
on that occasion by Louis Beiral and Johnny Mackey,  
while James (Australian) Kelly and Jimmy Massey  
seconded King.MISS ANNIE E. OAKLEY, of the "Police Ga-  
zette" Rifle Team, and John Long, engaged in two  
shooting matches at Danville, Ill., Nov. 13 and 14, with  
the following result: Glass balls, 20 each, 18 yards rise  
—Miss Oakley 18; Long 15. Live pigeons, 10 each, 21  
yards rise—Long 8; Miss Oakley 6. We may mention  
that this is the first match at live pigeons that Miss  
Oakley has contested in.JOHN MEAGHER, the champion walker, in  
reply to a challenge from Ed. Holske, says he does not  
intend engaging in any combination matches, but he  
is ready to make a match with any one from one  
mile to thirty-six hours, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, and  
will allow Holske 100 yards in one hour, 220 yards in  
two hours, 300 yards in three hours, 440 yards in 50  
miles, or 220 yards in ten miles.THE great canine controversy between the Long  
Island dog, Zip, and the Monmouth county dog, Tag,  
was decided at Red Bank, N. J., on Nov. 20. The dogs  
fought a fair scratch in turn fight, for \$100 a side.  
Both are brindles, and were to have fought at 34 lbs.  
Tag weighed 33 1/4, and Zip the full limit. Tag proved a  
desperate neck and shoulder fighter, and would have  
killed Zip in the pit, only his handler threw up the  
sponge, in order to save his dog's life.H. HUTCHENS, the renowned English profes-  
sional sprinter, made his appearance on the track  
Nov. 3, in a 135 yards handicap at Little Bridge  
Grounds, London. Starting from scratch he finished  
third in his trial heat, won by H. English, in receipt  
of 17 1/2 yards start, by half a yard from W. Harvey 11 1/2  
yards. He had met with a severe accident which  
caused his temporary retirement from the path, but it  
is stated that he ran with his accustomed ease, no trace  
of any ill effects being observable.THE wrestling match for the POLICE GAZETTE  
championship mixed wrestling trophy was decided at  
Utica, N. Y., on the 17th inst. The conditions were:  
Mixed style, two each, Greco-Roman and catch-as-  
catch-can. Bauer won the first fall in six minutes by  
his favorite hold, the wrist twist. The next bout was  
to be catch-as-catch-can, but the programme was  
changed to collar-and-elbow, and Ross won in a minute  
and a half. In the last bout, catch-as-catch-can,  
Ross won in four minutes. The match was witnessed  
by a large crowd and created considerable interest.LETTERS are lying at the POLICE GAZETTE  
office for the following: Wm. Baker, Tom Camon,  
Charles Courtney, Joe Coburn (2), James Carlin,  
Frank E. Dobson, C. Duncan, Peter Duryea, John  
Ennis, Bob Farrel, Geo. Fulljanes (2), Dick Garvin,  
John Hammond, Franz Kurzener, Philip La Tourette,  
Harry Monroe, Wm. Madden (2), Harry Martin, Wm.  
Muldoon (2), Geo. W. Moore, Maurice Murphy, Dan  
McLoone, E. Pidgeon, June Rankin, Frank Rose,  
Frank Seton (3), John L. Sullivan, Henry W. Taylor,  
Dick Toner, D. F. Twomey, Miss Minnie Vernon,  
Geo. W. Wingate, Capt. Matthew Webb, Prof. Walter  
Watson.ROWELL states that the Vanderbilts had re-  
fused to let Madison Square Garden for the contest for  
less than \$10,000, and it was therefore probable the race  
would not come off in this city. There was, however,  
some talk of holding it in the American Institute  
building, and charging only 25 cents admission.  
Rowell runs several miles each morning at the old  
Scottish-American Athlete grounds. He says this is  
the worst climate he ever knew. He says this will  
certainly be his last race in America, but he would  
like to race once more in England before retiring per-  
manently from the the tankard.EDWIN BIBBY, with his backer Thomas Ray,  
called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Nov. 22, and  
posted \$50 forfeit, and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, NOV. 20.

I am prepared to wrestle any man in America, catch-  
as-catch-can, for \$250 a side, and any man in the  
country, no matter how heavy, Greco-Roman style, for  
\$250 to \$500 a side. To prove I mean business, I  
have posted \$50 deposit with Richard K. Fox who shall  
be final stakeholder and select the referee.

EDWIN BIBBY.

WE have received \$20 forfeit from James  
Grant, of Cambridge, Mass., accompanied by the fol-  
lowing business-like challenge:

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

I hereby challenge Chisholm, of Ashland, Pa., or  
Charles Price, of New York, to a 2-mile foot race, or I  
will take a start of 125 yards from M. J. Happeny or  
William Steele in the same distance, for \$250 a side.  
The race to be decided in Philadelphia, New York or  
Boston, in ten or fifteen days from signing articles.  
Any of the above named pedestrians can be accommodated  
by covering my money deposited with Richard  
K. FOX.

JAMES GRANT.

The following parties called on Richard K.  
Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House during  
the week: George Hazeel, Gus Lambert, Gus Hill,  
Harry Monroe, Prof. Wm. C. McClellan, Prof. Walter  
Watson of London: Thibault Bauer, T. Feeney, An-  
sonia, Conn.; Tom McAlpine, Capt. Joe Magill, Tim  
Driscoll, Joe Fowler, Tommy Barnes, Frank Stevenson,  
Mike Donovan, J. J. Flynn, Bowery, New York;  
Mike Henry, Tommy Ray, J. J. McCabe, M. J. Tierney,  
Edwin Bibby, Joseph D. Harris, James Pilkington,  
Capt. James C. Daly, James Quigley, Alexander  
T. Maguire, Billsville; Billy Madden, of Greenpoint;  
Thomas Henry, pugilist, of England; Tom Crogan,  
Tom Moore, Bat Sweeney.

THE following explains itself:

NEW YORK, NOV. 18, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

DEAR SIR—Being anxious to arrange a match with  
some of the would-be champion club swimmers, who  
are always bragging about being able to defeat me. I  
hereby leave a deposit of \$250 in your hands to make a  
match, to swing either light or heavy clubs, against any  
man in the world for any sum, and for either strength,  
endurance or execution. I will also wager any sporting  
man that I can swing a pair of 6 lb. clubs for five  
successive hours, swing a larger and heavier club, and do more execution swinging a pair of clubs than any  
other club swimmer can, combining swinging and juggling.  
If this is not satisfactory to club swimmers, and they weaken on the above offer, I will make a  
match to swing any two club swimmers, they to combine their different movements against myself. Hoping  
this will receive an early reply from some one, I remain,  
Yours truly,

GRIS HILL,

Champion of the world.

Two cocking mains took place in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, Pa., on Nov. 13. The first took place on the  
line of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie Railroad. Four battles were fought. The birds belonged to Allegheny and Woods Run parties. The first pair came together on the fly, and with one blow the Allegheny fowl gaffed its opponent to death. A speckled red and black bird were next pitted. They fought hard and long, the speckled finally turning tail and running out of the ring. The last two battles were between birds that had no previous training, and were tame affairs. Other fights, in which noted birds were to participate, were on the bills, but after the fourth battle some person got frightened, cried "Police!" and the crowd hastily separated. The second main was at a point on the West Pennsylvania Railroad. It was witnessed by over 100 persons, and eleven battles were fought, but reporters were not allowed to witness them. Several thousand dollars changed hands at the two mains.We have received the following circular from  
Geo. A. Walker, Superintendent of the Young Men's  
Christian Association gymnasium:

LYNN, MASS., NOV. 21.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:  
"On Nov. 10, C. O. Breed, of this city, the champion  
athlete, attempted to beat the record of putting up a  
50-lb dumbbell above the head 50 times in succession,  
accomplished by G. M. Robinson, of San Francisco, on  
Nov. 25, 1875. I acted as referee, and selected from  
the audience four prominent citizens to assist me in the count, and desire to make oath to the honesty of the performance as follows: Chas.  
O. Breed, of this city, who is well known all over New England as a heavyweight athlete, did put up fairly from the shoulder a dumbbell weighing 50 pounds 60 times in succession, pushed up each time, not jumped up, thus beating Mr. G. M. Robinson's great record, made in 1875. This performance is bona fide, you may depend." Breed's performance now  
gives him the two best records at dumbbell lifting feats.  
On Dec. 2, 1882, Breed accomplished a still greater feat.  
He lifted a 50 1/2-pound dumbbell fairly from the floor,  
with his right hand only, 1,000 times in 9m 46s; 2,000  
times in 19m 23s; 3,000 times in 29m 23s; 4,000 times in  
39m 50s; 5,000 times in 32m 20s; 6,000 times in 1h 7m,  
and 7,000 times in 1h 20m 28s.A SLASHING prize fight was decided near  
Trenton N. J., on Nov. 20. The principals were Patsy  
Scullion, of Trenton, and Jimmy Golden of Philadel-  
phia. The pugilists fought with bare knuckles, Lon-  
don prize ring rules, for a \$100 purse. Scullion's seconds  
were his brother, Thomas Scullion, and William Alli-  
bone, both of Trenton, and those of Golden were  
Jimmy Ryan and Andy Hanley, of Philadelphia.  
Golden is the elder of the two, but of a lighter weight than  
Scullion. The latter turned the beam at 164  
pounds. Scullion, after a few heavy blows, would  
grapple with his antagonist, and the remainder of the  
round would consist of half-arm fighting and wrestling.  
Cheers went up as Scullion would pound Golden about  
the body and fell him to the ground. The Trentonians  
were wild with delight, and bets of two to one on  
their favorite were freely offered with but few takers.  
Up to the twenty-ninth round Scullion had the best  
of the fight, but after that he showed signs of weakness,  
whereupon Golden





HOW TRIP TOOK HOLD.

THE PET CANINE OF AN EMOTIONAL STAR MAKES A MISTAKE IN REGARD TO THE LEADING MAN'S INTENTIONS AND RENDERS A LOVE SCENE MORE LIVELY THAN PATHETIC.